Jayne Mansfield– "I'D RATHER BE A SEXPOT!"

ADVENTURE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE OF EXCITING FICTION AND FACT

Mar., 25c

A CHALLENGING ARTICLE FOR MEN

Are You a "Frigid" Husband?

KATYN– Forest of Blood

A DRUM FOR A WARRIOR

by GORDON MacCREAGH

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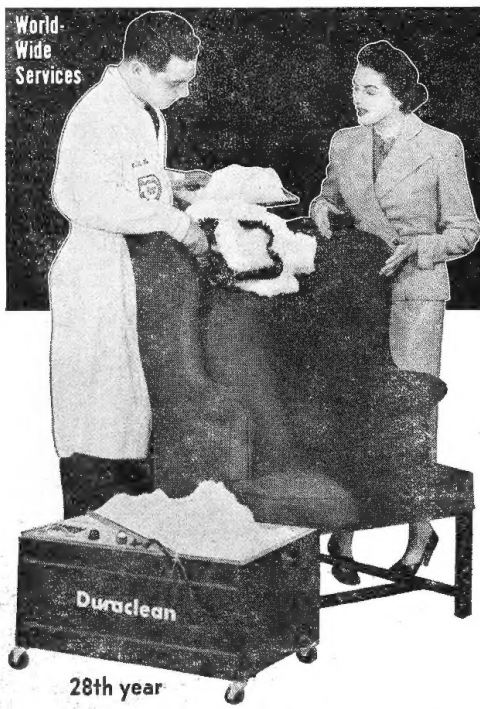

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1st Process to Win This Honor

Your services are backed by this famous seal of quality, proof that Duraclean has passed rigorous tests. (First in field to do so!) Duraclean also bears the Tester-Certified Seal of the American Research & Testing Laboratories.

5 WAYS TO MAKE MONEY

A Duraclean Dealership qualifies you to offer **five** different services. Thus on many jobs you **multiply** profits.

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2. **DURASHIELD: soil-retarding** treatment that KEEPS furnishings clean MONTHS longer. So new you may be the **first in town** to offer this type service.

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5. **SPOTCRAFT:** Special chemical products which enable you to handle most all spot or staining problems means extra business, greater customer satisfaction, and added prestige for you as a professional craftsman.

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A moderate payment establishes your own business—pay balance from sales. If needed, we help finance you. We furnish electric machines, complete sales and advertising material and enough supplies to return your TOTAL investment.

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Please rush **free** booklets and letter giving full details of how I may OWN growing, lifetime business and start while still employed.

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(Please Print)

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City.....State.....

PUZZLE: FIND AL

Al's got himself lost in his job.

He does his work. He draws his pay. He gripes, and hopes, and waits. But the big breaks never seem to come.

You have to hunt hard for Al. He's in a rut!

Then, who's the figure standing out in the picture? That's Tom. Tom grew tired of waiting. He decided to act. He took three important steps:

1. Wrote to I.C.S. for their three famous career books.
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3. Started to apply—on the spot—what he was learning.

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It's a fact worth remembering: An I.C.S. student always stands out!

P.S.—You'll find men like Al everywhere—griping, hoping, waiting—reading this and skipping on. But forward-looking fellows like Tom will take time to investigate, will mark and mail the coupon and get the three valuable career books free. They're men of action. And a few short months from now, you'll see them start to move!

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White men tried—most of them died, to discover the secrets held by tight lips and an innocent drum beat ..... page 36

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Every man was told, "What you do that first fifteen minutes . . . will determine whether you are going to live or die" ..... page 32

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Vol. 134, No. 3 March, 1958

ADVENTURE

The Man's Magazine of Exciting Fiction and Fact

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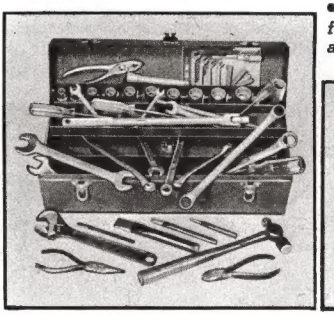
Start Earning Spare Time Cash

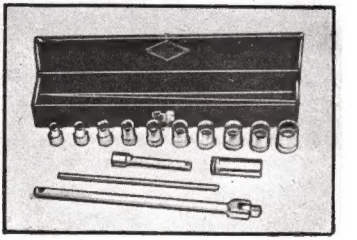
Soon after they begin training, many students earn cash in spare time by fixing cars. These earnings help pay tuition. Many students have started in business this way. Others get jobs in local shops before graduation.

VALUABLE TUNE-UP KIT

These fine instruments—the kind the experienced mechanics use—help you locate engine troubles quickly and accurately. Kit includes Compression Tester; Vacuum Gauge and Fuel Pump Tester; Ignition Timing Light; portable steel case. Each is the product of a famous manufacturer. Each is well-designed, accurate.



• *CTI instruments and tools are professional in design and quality, and are sent to students without extra cost.*



Diesel or Body-Fender training, too

In addition to training in Auto Mechanics, CTI also offers you instruction in either Diesel Mechanics or Body & Fender Rebuilding. *Only CTI gives you this extra choice.* This added training is yours without extra cost.

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These mechanic's tools help you get useful practice; keep your interest high; make you proud of your craft. You'll use them to earn money while training, and later as a "pro."

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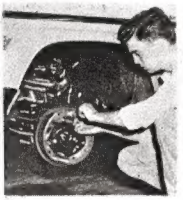

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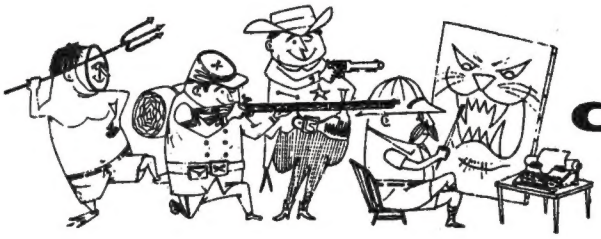

CAMPFIRE

BILL TUSHER, author of "I'd Rather Be a Sexpot," on page 27, is out of North Hollywood, a delightful campsite if only because of its proximity to neighbors like Jayne Mansfield. Ever since we read Bill's interview with this bountifully gifted gal, we have been grinding our teeth in frustration because never, never will Jayne be calling at *our* house to borrow a cup of sugar. We couldn't help an exultant whoop of relief when Bill told us he too, is confined to a somewhat academic appreciation of Miss Mansfield.

Seems Bill is married to "a fairly sensible and attentive" blonde who is pretty, and who is also the mother of his five children.

In the ten years since he began covering Hollywood, Bill has discovered that not only the climate, but the people, too,

B. Tusher, "I'd Rather Be a Sexpot."

are warm and congenial. "By contrast," says Bill, "Broadway is the world's capital of stuffed shirts, swelled heads and phonies. I find the average Hollywood personality is a great deal more intelligent, stimulating and better informed than the masses of intellectual snobs who enjoy the tired affectation of looking down their noses at them.

Bill Tusher has been a newspaper man and magazine writer for twenty-eight of his forty-two years. He writes for all the leading movie magazines and doubles occasionally as a Hollywood air correspondent. Once he had a coast-to-coast show on ABC and the now defunct Liberty Broadcasting System which featured interviews with leading stars a la the present Mike Wallace series. As a columnist he covered sports, publications and Broadway, and has been a newspaper and magazine editor.

"THE KATYN MASS MURDER," E. L. A. Grieveson, is a courageous job of reporting which grew out of Miss Grieveson's crusade to record the events of a sick Europe that destroyed so many people's lives, and so many others' hopes. Since 1945 when Miss Grieveson's family was destroyed in Lemberg, she has spent many years in D.P. camps, finally emigrating to Canada without any possessions or the help of friends. Now living in Calgary, Alberta, Miss Grieveson has published several articles on the brutalities of war.

WELCOME BACK to Wally George who has been silent in these pages for many noons. Wally's story, "Wild Kid," appears on page 24 and was culled from his experiences following the oil patch from Texas to Wyoming, where he worked as a roughneck, a tool-dresser and a truck driver.

WE GOOFED. Reader Harlan Hinkle calls our attention to a discrepancy in the illustration and the facts of "The Breaking of Sergeant Nash" in the October issue. It seems the painting shows a Colonel Jones (eagles on both shoulders and cap), while Jones is ranked as a Lieutenant Colonel in Samuel Taylor's story. We gave artist Norman Baer twenty lashes with a wet brush and admonished him *please* to read the stories with greater reverence hereafter. Of course, there will be hereafters from Baer, who is one of the top illustrator's in the field. And please note, also, that Samuel Taylor has a new tale to tell on page 16. Mr. Taylor, so far as we know, has never goofed, which is just as well for him because we chastise erring writers by lashing them to their typewriters—sans paper, sans cigarettes— for twenty-two hours.

"THERE ARE NO DOGS IN CHINA." Thus spake William Kinmond, staff correspondent for the *Toronto Globe and Mail,* who rushed in where U.S. citizens fear to tread, to provide the west with its most straight-forward, eye-witness report on Red China (Thomas Nelson and Sons, $4.95).

The Chinese version of Intourist gave Kinmond the grand tour. He made his way by train, plane, car and pedicab from Canton to Peking and Harbin in the north; to Lanchow in China's "wild west" and through Chungking to Shanghai. He shot questions at Communist officials wherever he went and got some amazingly frank and some amazingly fantastic answers. Not the least of the latter was the Chinese explanation of why there are no dogs in China.

"There are no dogs in any of our cities," Kinmond's Peking interpreter, Mr. Yen, told him. "We killed them all when the U.S. started germ warfare in Korea. We found the dogs were carriers of the germs so we destroyed them. It was a difficult decision to make because we Chinese like dogs."

Kinmond thought he had finally turned up a Chinese with a sense of humor. "Surely," said Kinmond, "you don't believe there was any truth to the reports of germ warfare. You are too intelligent a person to swallow that propaganda." Mr. Yen, Kinmond quickly discovered, was quite serious.

Finally, in Shanghai, Kinmond heard what he considers to be the real reason why Red China's cities are dogless. He raised the subject with officials of the British Legation. Really quite simple. Dogs, and especially big dogs, eat too much. In a country that is chronically short of food, what could be more practical than to get rid of them? ■

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN TELEVISION-RADIO

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America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security

NRI TRAINED THESE MEN

"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned $12 to $15 a week in spare time."—ADAM KRAMLIK, JR., Sunneytown, Pennsylvania.

"Have my own Radio-TV shop. Average about $100 a week without advertising. NRI training my best investment."—LARRY P. MOTT, Miami, Fla.

"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—CURTIS STATH, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—JESSE W. PARKER, Meridian, Mississippi.

"By the time I graduated I had paid for my course, a car and testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. STREITENBERGER, New Boston, Ohio.

"Before finishing the NRI course I was employed as Studio Engineer at KMMJ. I am now announcing."—BILL DELZELL, Grand Island, Nebraska.

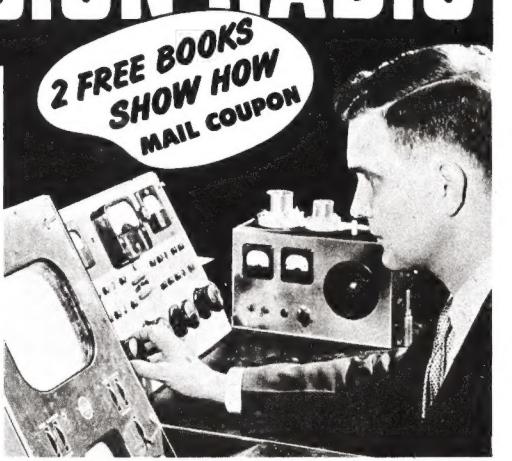
People *look up to* and depend on the Technician, more than ever before. His opportunities are great, and are increasing. Become a Technician. At home, and in your spare time, you can learn to do this interesting, satisfying work—qualify for important pay; develop confidence and skills you need to get jobs in this vast industry.

Start Soon to Make $10, $15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

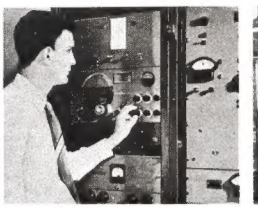
NRI students find it easy to start fixing sets for friends a few months after enrolling. Use the Tester built with parts NRI furnishes, to locate TV-Radio receiver troubles. Many who start in spare time, soon build full time TV-Radio businesses. Invest in training yourself—it pays big profits soon.

NRI Training Is Up-to-Date

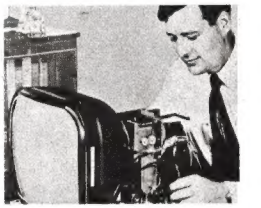
NRI is America's oldest and largest home study Television-Radio school. More than 40 years' experience training men for success benefits you many ways. NRI methods are tested, proved. Successful graduates are everywhere, in small towns, big cities.



Technical Know-How Brings Better Pay—A stream of new electronic products is increasing job and promotion opportunities for Television-Radio Technicians. Transistor Radios, Color TV, Hi-Fi were unknown a few years ago. Guided missiles, automation, etc. would not be possible without this miracle science—Electronics.



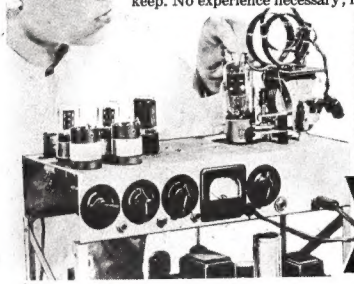
The hundreds of TV and Radio stations on the air offer interesting jobs for Operators and Technicians.



A solid, proven field of opportunity is servicing the millions of Television and Radio sets now in use.

You Learn by Practicing with Parts NRI Sends

Clearly written, well illustrated NRI lessons teach Television-Radio-Electronic principles. Also, *without extra charge*, you get NRI kits developed especially to give actual practice with TV-Radio equipment. You build, test, experiment with actual Television-Radio receiver or broadcasting circuits; build, use, testing equipment. All equipment is yours to keep. No experience necessary; many successful NRI graduates did not finish high school. NRI has developed simplified, practical training methods. Ambitious men can get ahead fast. Mail coupon for Actual Lesson and 64-page Catalog FREE. See how you train at home to be a Technician, to get ahead.



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You don't have to know anything about electricity or Radio to understand and succeed with NRI courses. You train in your own home—keep your present job while learning. Mailing the coupon can be one of the most important acts of your life. Do it now. Reasonable tuition, on low monthly payments available. Let us send you an actual lesson. Judge for yourself how easy it is to learn. A 64-page catalog gives details of opportunities and training. Address: **NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 8CR4, Washington 16, D. C.**

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ASK ADVENTURE

PET CEMETERIES

I have heard that there are such things in different parts of the country as pet cemeteries. Could you tell me where they are located, especially in New York State, and any other information you might have on them?

LELAND BANKS

Corinth, New York

Cemeteries for pets have become increasingly popular and more numerous in recent years. I do not have a complete list on file and it would be out of the question to give them all. The branch office of a humane society, or a local newspaper usually is able to furnish information about the location of a pet cemetery, if there is one in the locality.

What surprised me is that living in New York State, you should not have heard of what might well be called the "Forest Lawn of pet cemeteries." This pet burial spot is sited on a hill, shaded by massive oaks, and overlooks the town of Hornell, N. Y. This is one of the oldest, if not the oldest pet cemetery in America. My information is that there are between four and five hundred pet graves here, the majority being dogs. All are neatly marked with sheet steel markers giving the dog's name, birth and death dates, and owner's name. A number of owners have erected marble memorials to their pets. The price for a plot and burial box is ten dollars. I have been told that dogs whose remains are suitably prepared may be sent or brought to this cemetery from any part of the country.

This Forest Lawn of pet cemeteries was founded in 1907 by a dog lover named Frank Myers who buried his own beloved dogs, as well as those of his friends, atop the hill. Upon his demise in 1937, Myers deeded his farm and home to the Stephen County Humane Society that now supervises and cares for the place.

WILLIAM P. SCHRAMM

AUTO RACING PIT CREWS

How does one go about getting on the pit crew of a racing team? And what are the qualifications and opportunities for this job? I am referring to becoming a racing mechanic on one of a group of professional teams, such as Le Mans or Sebring or a Grand Prix race.

R. I. REHDER

Palmdale, Calif.

In Europe, the pit crews are usually chosen from the factory mechanics after many years

of work. In the United States, however, we have no factory teams and the pit crews are usually men who have worked for a dealer of the particular sports car.

Pit crews of an individual owner, such as at Indianapolis and the dirt tracks, are usually friends of the owner or the chief mechanic. The pit man so chosen is expected to spend his spare time helping to build, or rebuild the car. He washes parts, mounts tires, runs errands, bolts parts together where he knows that everything must be tight, and usually strips the threads of the nuts and bolts. He goes out for hamburgers and beer (or coffee, if it's in the daytime) and often is expected to pay for these things out of his own pocket.

Then comes the day of the big race. If our man is lucky he manages to ride in the back of the tow-truck, sitting on the tools or spare tires. If he's not lucky he drives his own car and pays for the gasoline. At the track the owner supplies him with a badge or cardboard ticket with a string attached. Then he again changes tires, and if he has learned his lesson he again tightens nuts and bolts.

After the race and when the car has probably blown up, the crew man is blamed. So he goes home and has the white duck pants laundered at his own expense. This is no more than right—he paid for them in the first place! But he's had his moment of glory. He has been seen by the spectators, and has the pit-pass to prove it.

There is no pay.

WALT WOESTMAN

TO LIVE IN BRAZIL

I am interested in the state of Goyaz, near the city of Annapolis in Brazil. Could you tell me about the climate and whether a white man from this country could live there? I have heard it is good cattle country.

ORVAL JOHNSON

Garberville, Calif.

Of course a white man can live in Goyaz and well, too. Goyaz is a big state, part of a big country, Brazil being larger than the United States by a second Texas. Goyaz is part of the Brazilian highlands, south and east of Amazonas, and in it you can find every kind of climate. I've used blankets at night, between Goyaz and the equator, which roughly follows the Amazon, or vice versa.

It is true that cattle raising is one of the principal industries of the highlands, and that if you become a citizen of Brazil you might be allowed to do quite well at it. Just to go in, however, seeking a job—no. Jobs are for Brazilians, unless you're hooked up with some big mining outfit which has a huge Brazilian concession.

If I wanted to get into the cattle business I'd make a friend of a Brazilian, one you feel you can trust—man or woman, able to make his or her mark—and acquire stock by proxy, the Brazilian holding nominal title. The need for trustworthiness is obvious. Give somebody nominal ownership of something and since he is *legal* owner, he may come to regard himself as actual owner, and not even give you a job on your own property, because you're not a Brazilian! You need to know the ropes, which vary with officialdom where you happen to be.

If I were seriously getting into business in Brazil I would go in with a six-month visa and look around, and listen, and ask a lot of questions. Bear this in mind (at least this is my own experience): no Brazilian ever says, "I don't know." He'll always give you some answer to a question, whether or not he knows the facts. This can be disconcerting when weighed against the facts.

Also, learn some Portuguese, which is the language of the country: actually Brazilian-Portuguese, is so studded with Indian-dialect words that a Portuguese has also to learn the language.

ARTHUR J. BURKS

1957 WINNER INDIANAPOLIS

SAM HANKS, famous race driver and mechanic says:
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Few racing drivers are as qualified to advise future mechanics as Sam Hanks, who builds and repairs his own racing cars. He holds the American Closed Course record (182.554 m.p.h.) and a host of state and national titles, including the National Midget Championship in '49 and the National A.A.A. crown in '53. At Indianapolis, he placed third in '52 and '53 . . . last year, he was runner-up.

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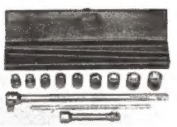

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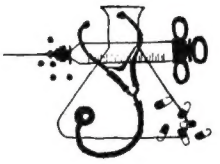
ADVENTURES IN MEDICINE

by J. R. GAVER



THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT YOUR LIFE—AND HOW TO LIVE IT TO THE UTMOST

MALES SUFFER MOST IN HOME ACCIDENTS: Apparently this is more of a woman's world than most women think —or men, too, for that matter. A National Safety Council survey of sixteen states shows that twice as many men as

women of working age die in home accidents. The council admits that it has been virtually ignoring the male in designing safety programs which concentrate mainly on the safety of women and children. The result of all this precaution spells a grim destiny for men between the ages of twenty-five and sixty-four. In one year, more than one thousand men between those ages and fewer than 600 women died in home accidents. The council offers two explanations: whenever there is a hazardous job to be done around the house, the man does it. Also, a man's everyday maintenance jobs usually require more dangerous tools. The survey also showed that poisons, falls, fire and firearms are the chief death dealers.

ATTENTION, HUNTERS! YELLOW IS BETTER: This will come as a shock to the nation's big-game hunters, but red is not the safest color to wear while traveling through the woods. A group of Fort Lewis, Washington soldiers spent a few weeks wandering about the military reservation looking for colored panels. They didn't know where the panels were situated and their adeptness at spotting the various colors was carefully noted by observers. The conclusion: Yellow was recognized six times as quickly as red. The tests were directed by Colonel E. F. Sloan and officials of the Washington, Oregon and California game departments and the Optometric Association. Even men with defective color vision spotted yellow eighty times as easily as red.

AN ANTIBIOTIC BANDAGE SPRAY: Now when you have minor burns, cuts, abrasions, lacerations, blisters, you can spray a bandage on and stop it hurting, at the same time. Aerosol Spray Band, a breathing antibiotic bandage spray by Schuco Industries, Incorporated, of New York, is entirely safe, non-toxic and non-inflammable. Its transparency allows the healing process to be observed. The coating can be removed without the trauma-producing action associated with conventional bandages, it is effective on hard-to-bandage areas and is very flexible. In addition, its ingredients help tissue stimulation and wound healing. They include Tyrothicin, which medical research claims acts seven times as rapidly as penicillin and ten times as rapidly as sulfanilamide. Sold in drug stores in various sizes.

TRY ANALYZING YOURSELF: Fourteen million persons in the United States suffer from emotional conflicts and need psychiatric care. They cannot get it because of a severe shortage of psychiatrists. "However, many times they can help themselves," writes Dr. Frank S. Caprio, a prominent psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, in his new book, "Helping Yourself with Psychiatry." "No psychiatrist cures anyone," he states. "He acts as a teacher and guide . . . eventually every patient must learn to be his own psychiatrist." In his book Dr. Caprio presents workable techniques for self-analysis that may be used to solve personality defects that lead to such tragedies as divorce, "nervous breakdown," alcoholism, psychosomatic illness and sexual maladjustment. He gives three basic techniques for self analysis:

1. *The Autobiographical Method*: Make an impersonal study in writing of your life. Describe your relationships with family and friends, your attitudes toward life, your sex life, your habits and your likes and dislikes.

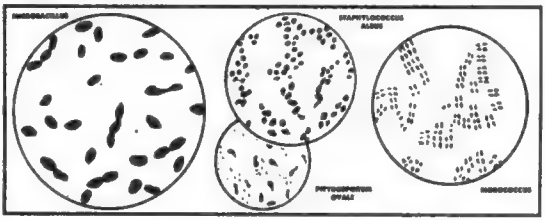
2. *The Questionnaire Method*: Make your own list of questions pertaining to you and your life's problems. Write out the answers to each question. Your guess here is better than no answer at all.

3. *The Free Association Method*: This technique will give you the opportunity to ventilate your conflicts. From time to time write down whatever thoughts come to your mind. This amounts to purging your soul on paper, and helps to dissipate unhealthy emotions.

Each of these techniques will give clues to your individual behavior, uncover conflicts you never knew were there, and put you in a position to rid yourself of them.

How Baldness Often Starts...

Your forehead gets larger, you have itchy scalp, dandruff, excessively dry or oily scalp.



These scalp germs are at work — they are the bacteria usually found on the scalp when dandruff and seborrhea are present. Destroy them — before they destroy your hair growth.

Your forehead gets still larger. A bald spot appears on crown of head. Dandruff is heavy and scaly, scalp itches with more intensity. These are signs of approaching baldness. You'd better do something about it — quick!

FIGHT THESE HAIR DESTROYERS with WARD'S FORMULA and

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp, are symptoms of the scalp disease called seborrhea. These scalp symptoms are often warnings of approaching baldness. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness, but doctors now know that men and women who have this scalp disease usually lose their hair.

Seborrhea is believed caused by four parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus and morococcus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

In seconds, Ward's Formula kills the four parasitic germ organisms retarding normal hair growth. This swift germicidal action has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. In brief, Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's formula has been tried by more than 350,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance. Why not join the men and women who have successfully ended their hair troubles? Treat your scalp with Ward's Formula. *Try it at our risk.* In only 10 days you must see and feel the marked improvement in your scalp and hair. Your dandruff must be gone. Your scalp itch must stop. Your hair must look thicker, more attractive, and alive. Your excessive hair loss must stop. You must be completely satisfied—in only 10 days—with the improved condition of your scalp and hair, or simply return the unused portion for Double Your Money Back. So why delay? Delay may cost your hair.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE LIFE OF YOUR HAIR

Practically everyone starts out in life with a normal and healthy hair-making apparatus. The problem is to keep it normal and healthy.

Seborrhea and its complications — dandruff, itchy scalp, hair loss, dry or oily scalp—are often forerunners, warning signs of future baldness. This scalp condition is not something to be accepted with resignation; many of the world's leading dermatologists stress that with proper care baldness can be postponed as much as ten years, even when many factors such as heredity are unfavorable. And for a much longer time when conditions are favorable.

Whatever your age or sex, scientific care of your hair and scalp with Ward's Formula will help you to achieve gratifying results NOW in better scalp health, hair vigor, and longer hair life.

Ward's Formula will control scalp seborrhea, eliminate dandruff and head scales, stop scalp itch, tend to correct very dry or very oily hair and, most important of all, stop the hair loss seborrhea causes.

Note to Doctors:

Doctors, clinics, hospitals can obtain professional samples of Ward's Formula on written request.

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German doctor performs 1943 autopsy on Katyn victim slain three years earlier. Man with glasses is U.S. Army Lieutenant Colonel, one of several POWs who witnessed the operation. Massacre probably took place in 1940.

THE HORROR OF KATYN FOREST

They were prodded to the edge of the trench to be shot in the back. As the Poles stood there, they could look into the ditch and see the bodies of those others who had been killed before them — bodies not yet cold!

by E. L. A. GRIEVESON with JACK KOFOED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INP

THE HORROR OF KATYN FOREST

Investigators probe through part of a mass grave at Katyn. An estimated ten thousand bodies lie here.

Former Army POW shows Special House Committee how prison camp victims were bound and shot.

The world has never forgotten Nazi concentration camps at Buchenwald and Belsen, where the tortured dead were burned in huge ovens. It remembers, in shocking detail, the Japanese rape of Nanking, and the infamous Bataan Death March. Still imprinted on memory are Chinese Communist brain washing compounds in Korea.

Ironically enough, few recall probably the worst crime in all history. The mass murder of 11,000 people, mostly Polish army officers in the Katyn forest. I was an eye witness, because at the time I was a member of Russia's security police, the dread NKVD (*Narodyni Komissariat Vnutrennikh Del.*)

Security police are the same the world over. Hitler's Gestapo, rock fisted guardians of South American dictators, . . . what does it matter whom they serve? All are trained in torture and murder. But, if there can be distinctions in ruthlessness, the NKVD stands alone. It is the most feared organization in the world. Without it, Stalin would not have lasted as he did. Without it, Khruschev would fall, as other ambitious men have fallen, attempting to seize power since Stalin died. There is nothing, no matter how horrible, that NKVD will not do. They proved it at Katyn. Oh, how they proved it at Katyn!

I was attached to an Eastern police unit. Our duties were routine; investigations, arrests, what Americans call "third degreeing" prisoners to force confessions. Sometimes we dispensed with the latter. If NKVD agents were in a hurry to get rid of a man, they used a fool proof system. Since the possession of arms was a high crime, they would place a gun in his house. The official report would show the fellow had a weapon, and when he attempted to use it, the NKVD men shot him in self defense. I cite this only as an indication of what manner of men made up the security force. Though keeping my feelings hidden, I never had the stomach to look on suffering without revulsion.

In January, 1940, I was transferred to Minsk, capital of the White Russian Socialist Soviet Republic. It was a dead white city, where sound was muffled by continuing blankets of snow. Members of many units were being grouped in Minsk, though for what purpose no one seemed to know then.

My job was hardly more than that of a courier. I took orders to, and received reports from forced labor and prisoner of war camps on the outskirts of Minsk. They say you get used to anything, in time. I never could get used to those places. The inmates were scantily clothed for bitter weather, shivering, blue with cold. Since food was scant, and work hard, the men had become racks of bones, the mortality rate exceedingly high. I saw prisoners who had died in their sleep, lying in barracks for several days after they had passed away. Their comrades were too weak or emotionally beaten down, to carry them out. The guards didn't bother until the smell of decomposition began to annoy them.

There was nothing I could do. (*Continued on page* 70)

The horror of death in stark reality fills Katyn Forest.

They hated each other, these two men, and now it was time for a showdown—alone out there in the madness of the snows . . .

DEADFALL

SEPTEMBER 28

IT SNOWED last night. That means we're here for the winter. This morning was bright and cold. When I got up and looked out of the little cabin window, everything was sparkling white. The conifers and brush of the mountain slopes were heavy with snow, and I estimated, from the white mound atop the chopping block, that the fall had been about eight inches.

Vince was awake, whittling. He'd had little else to do for the past week, since he got caught in the deadfall and broke his leg. I'd left the lantern on the box beside his bunk when I went to bed, and I don't know how long he'd stayed awake, whittling and brooding, but the pile of shavings on (*Continued on page* 44)

by SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ROSENBAUM

My sudden leap saved me from being killed, although I did get a broken leg.

Perhaps the most horrible disaster of all are those that start so deceptively, in such an apparently small way that few realize their potentialities until the worst is already upon them—or upon others not so fortunate as they.

The great Chicago fire was like that, many laughing and joking about the blaze, and believing it would be controlled until it overran them or they escaped by the skin of their teeth. So was the sinking of the *Titanic;* hundreds who perished believed almost until they were in the water that the "unsinkable ship" could not go down, while many survivors refused to believe their eyes even as they saw the great ship vanish beneath the waves.

And so it was with the Cherry, Illinois coal-mine fire of November 13, 1909. The fire, starting as only a tiny blaze in a few bales of hay, appeared so insignificant that some of the men who saw it at its beginning, casually left their jobs deep down in the mine and went home at the conclusion of their work-shift. More than that, they didn't even mention to people they met on the way that they had seen a small fire burning.

Yet, shortly after that, hundreds of men were already dead or dying, and scenes of horror and heroism unsurpassed in U.S. coal-mining history, were being enacted, both in the bowels of the mine and on the surface.

At the time of the fire, Cherry was a typical coal-mining town. A community of around 5,000 population, it was as bleak as the prairie on which it stood. The drab main street boasted seventeen saloons, a few stores, a red-brick schoolhouse and two churches. On the rutted side streets lived the miners and their families in little houses that were all depressingly alike; on one such street, called "Long Row," for instance, there were thirty-three identical cottages housing as many families, with from two to four miners in each family.

After the fire, only two miners from "Long Row" remained alive.

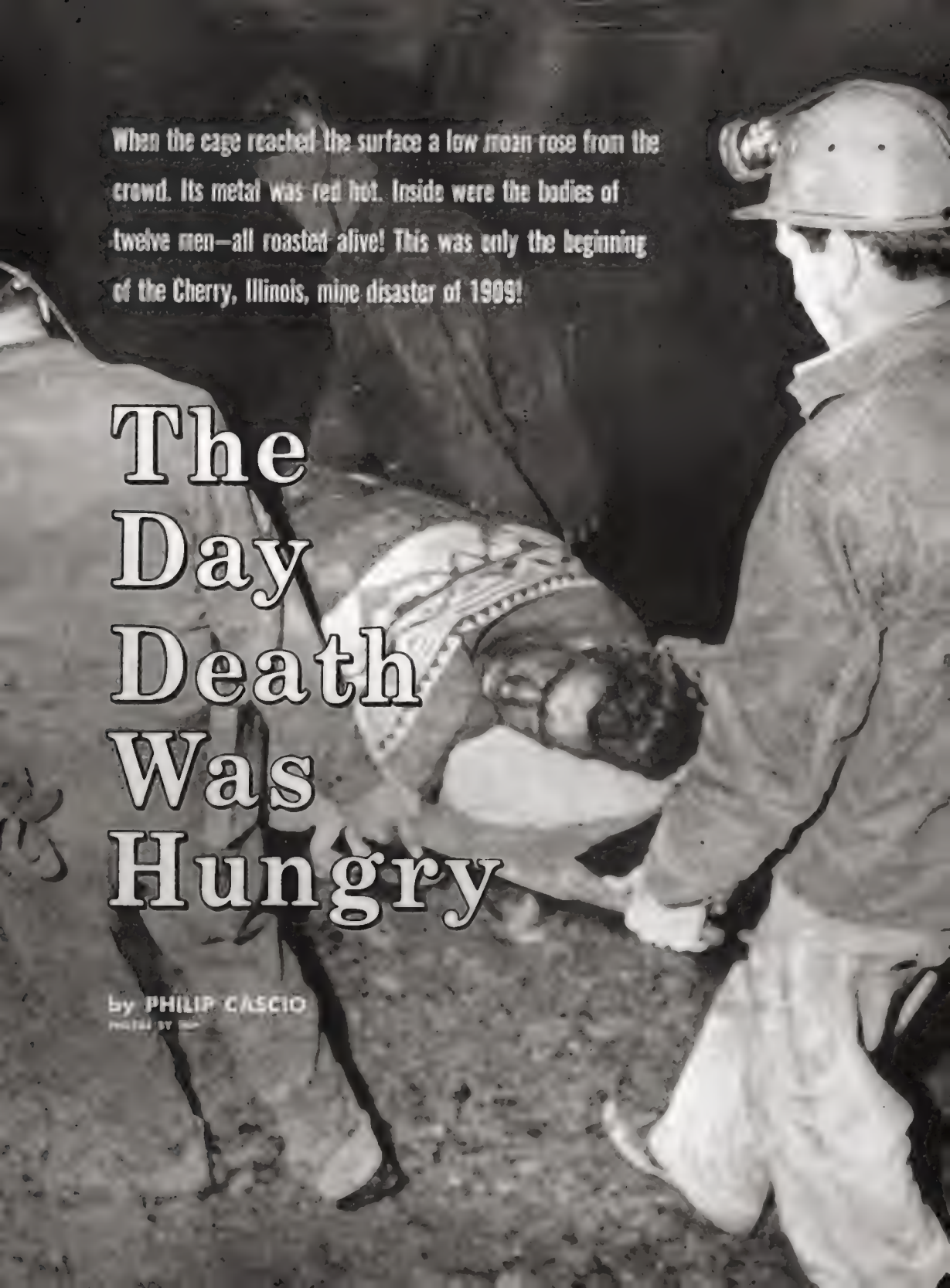
The town also boasted several boarding houses for unmarried miners. *From just one of these houses eleven or twelve miners were lost, the one who was spared owing his life to the fact that he was home, sick in bed at the time the fire started.*

The miners stemmed from many nationalities—English, Irish, Scotch, German, Polish, Lithuanian, French, Italian. Many of them were recent immigrants. But the fire tested them all with equal indifference. After it was over, a Scotch-Irishman named James Flood, who ran the local drygoods store, emphasized quietly; "There were foreigners in it who were just as brave as any Scotch or Englishman."

And by contrast, in one group of twenty who came out alive, there was one who proved himself such a traitor to his fellowmen that not one of them ever identified him by name afterward, so that his national origin remains forever unknown.

At one end, the main street ended at the churches, at the other, by merging into the chimneys, shaft-towers, assorted other structures and vast rock dumps of the Saint Paul Mine. It was a big mine; it had to be, for it supplied coal to the Chicago, Minneapolis, and Saint Paul Railroad. And it was also one of the newest and safest. It had been in operation only four years, and the tunnel-planning, timbering, pumping, and ventilation system were considered excellent.

The mine had three levels, or strata of soft coal. The first level had been worked to some extent, but in many places the layer of coal was too thin to work profitably, being only from a few inches to a couple of feet thick, so it had been abandoned. In the second level, 325 feet underground, the coal ranged from four to five feet in thickness, and (*Continued on page* 64)



When the cage reached the surface a low moan rose from the crowd. Its metal was red hot. Inside were the bodies of twelve men—all roasted alive! This was only the beginning of the Cherry, Illinois, mine disaster of 1909!

The Day Death Was Hungry

by PHILIP CASCIO

THE DEVIL HOUNDS

They're small and fast, and they'll tackle anything on four feet—all the way up to a lion!

OF KENYA

by PAUL BALLOT PHOTOS BY HALMI OF BIRNBACK

Calm after kill, powerful ridgebacks have only a few scratches to show.

NAIROBI, Kenya — It's no knock against bear hounds, birddogs, or other familiar hunting breeds, but you just can't mention them in the same breath with ridgebacks. The sturdy African hounds—they're jackal, wolf and dog all rolled into one—have been used for centuries as hunting dogs in Africa, and they have the special qualities of speed, stamina, courage and tracking ability to do the job.

As canines go, the brown furred ridgebacks are not particularly big or hefty, but they'll tackle anything from a lion to a savage wart hog—and they always end up on top. They are at their lightning best when set upon a herd of antelope or similar fast-flying four-footed residents of the dark continent.

The vicious ridgebacks are an offshoot of an ancestral animal from which the modern-day jackal evolved. The name, ridgeback, is applied in deference to a sharp, distinct spine which juts out from the animal's back like an automobile's tail fin. Its physical appearance, from jowls to hind-quarters, is that of power, and it seldom comes out of a scrap with more than a few scratches.

Hunting in packs, like their wild dog ancestors, the ridgebacks wear down their quarry

At outset, hounds follow master obediently, but at sight of gnus, turn into savage beasts.

A victim is chosen and chase is on! Pack will soon bay fleet gnu; then death comes quickly.

Dogs work as

by keeping them going at top speed. Their teamwork is instinctive. One hound will dart out of the pack, put on a burst of speed, outdistance his confreres, and overhaul the target. When he draws near the fleeing animal, the ridgeback alternatingly snarls and snaps at the victim's legs, occasionally coming off with a piece of flesh as a reward for his intrepidity. When he tires, another of the dogs shoots out, replacing the lead animal who drops back with the rest of the pack. In this way the prey has to keep up a bristling pace to stay ahead, and this can't be done.

Once the exhausted animal turns to face its tormentors, the ridgebacks methodically surround it and, gnarring savagely, take turns darting in and out, snatching with their sharp fangs for the legs until the trapped victim is felled. As the animal goes down, the entire pack rushes in madly for the kill. It is here that the ridgeback's innate propensity to kill comes to light. The ruthlessness with which the snarling beasts feast on the victim—no matter how large a foe he may be—has been likened to the manner in which barracuda attacks its prey; swiftly, bloodletting, and complete.

But the hunting ridgebacks have been "domesticated" in the sense that they will back off at their master's command. Arthur Lemworth of Nairobi, Kenya, whose ridgebacks are shown in action here, against a hartebeest gnu, has his hounds so well trained that they will back off at his whistle. At that point, the dogs will stand by mournfully while Lemworth finishes off the kill with his rifle.

Although the ridgebacks have been Africa's favorite hunting dogs almost since the white men began settling on the dark continent, their breed was virtually unchanged for centuries. No one thought much of the animal as a "dog;" it was something else again, more prehistoric than modern canine. Then, in the early '20's, British residents of Southern Rhodesia decided to do something about refining the ridge-

well-drilled team. Here, they force 200 lb. buck to ground. Vicious attack continues until hunter calls them off.

backs. They worked out a set of standards for dogs with the distinctive ridge markings, and by selective crossing and culling, brought the hounds into such uniformity as to constitute a distinct breed according to kennel club standards. By 1950 the breed was the most popular in South Africa.

Dog lovers in Africa admire the animals not only for their hunting prowess, but also for their newly developed domestic qualities as well. Inbreeding of ridgebacks has produced a steadfast, dependable watchdog, and heaven help the footpad who unwittingly invades the domicile lorded over by the great dogs. Their wolf-like viciousness and their instinctive lust for a brawl often leaves the intruder, lucky enough to escape with his hide, with the feeling that he has just tangled with a den of lions. But as formidable as these animals are on guard, they are equally as docile with children and the improved breeds make fine household pets.

This year the breed was recognized by the American Kennel Club, and it probably won't be long before the wolf dog of Africa, whose ancestors roamed the plains of Rhodesia devouring the carcasses of waylaid animals, will be wearing dainty ribbons and parading in show rings. ■ ■

End of chase. Dogs must watch gnu's thrashing horns.

WILD KID

His son was set to become a thief, and old Pop Haynes wasn't big enough to lick him—he wasn't smart enough to talk him out of it. So there was only one thing left to do . . .

When Pop Haynes finally went to the pool hall and found Bill shooting snooker with Mac Slatt, it was twenty-five past eight. The cold mist which started blowing before sundown had turned to sleet. Otherwise Pop wouldn't have been late. He hoped he was not too late. No boy of his was going to be a thief. The wiry, little old man with a leathery face and bushy white hair, dressed in blue overalls, shoved open the door and stood looking inside the pool room. It was warm inside.

Bill Haynes was bending over the front snooker table, his back to Pop. As he felt the draft bite his sweaty back, he strained with a shudder. "Hey!" he said, turning around.

"You raised in a barn?" His plaid shirt, hanging out at the tail, was unbuttoned clear down the front. When he saw it was his father he grinned, self-consciously fumbling to secure his buttons.

"Sorry, Pop. But man, that wind is cold!" Bill was a tall, lanky youth of twenty, with a tangled mop of red hair.

"Living it up, son?" Pop asked. He leaned against the bar to the left of the door. Bill barely met his glance, then looked across the pool table to Mac Slatt for moral support.

"I didn't go to work this evening, Pop," Bill said. "I quit. Work on a drilling-rig just isn't for me."

Pop pushed away from the bar. He walked

by WALLY GEORGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB MOTT

"At your age—with your reputation—stealing drillbits!" Keats shouted from the doghouse.

in front of the door, across to the snooker table where Mac Slatt and Bill leaned on their cue sticks. Bill knew what Pop had on his mind, and he looked very uncomfortable. But Mac either had not guessed or did not care. Scraping a chair across the concrete floor, Pop leaned against the wall. With his foot he skidded a spitoon in place, then stuffed his face with Brown Mule.

"Son," Pop said, "you know what I heard out at the drilling-rig? Red Jackson told me you got cooked up?"

Bill tried to look at his father but could not.

Mac Slatt's face gradually creased into a grin.

"Well—" prodded Pop, his voice gentler, "is it true?"

Bill looked up and shrugged. "Well, what if it is?" He was trying to take the offensive, but having no luck. "There's nothing wrong with it. *Somebody* is going to take them."

"You don't call stealing drill-bits wrong?"

"It's not stealing, Pop. It's hustling."

"Whose drill-bits are they?"

"For crying out loud, Mister Haynes," Mac butted in. "In drilling an oil well they use fifty or sixty of the things. They just throw them out beside the rig and let the Tool Company man come around and pick them up."

Pop ignored him. He did not like Mac Slatt and Mac did not like him. A huge, bear-shaped man with stubby black hair pushing out from under the edges of his T-shirt, a ruddy face and sleazy eyes, Mac liked to consider himself a flambouyant, sharp-operating hustler. Actually, the impression he gave was that of an overgrown boy who is shocked and impressed by the change in his voice and the fact that he grew so huge. But Mac did not like being called fat.

Pop said, "Red Jackson couldn't wait to tell me—Couldn't wait to tell the whole town, in fact." He look at Bill. "Of all the people, *why* Red Jackson? He—" At a loss for words, Pop spit a brown glob at the cuspidor. Fine, he thought. Just fine and dandy. Sure, Red Jackson was willing to coperate. More than willing to help Pop Haynes' boy be a thief. Red was still laughing when he relieved Pop at the rig this evening. The two drillers were not exactly friends.

Pop ran a hand through his bushy white hair. "Well, Bill, you're old enough to know what you're doing. And you're a dern sight too big for me to take across my knee and paddle. So you got me stumped. I don't know what to do."

"Pop," Bill said miserably, "look, I wish you'd quit thinking like this was stealing. It's not. Everybody knows that. Like Mac says, it's just smart operating. When something is waiting to be grabbed, you get it before somebody else does."

Pop grew quiet a minute. He could swell up and get fierce with Bill. That might do some good. Or it might do more harm. But that wasn't the way Pop wanted it. Bill had always been a good boy. He had been out of the army two months now, and made no effort to find a job. He even quit the one Pop got him. However, Pop was not worried about Bill's going to work. Bill, although a little wild, had always enjoyed work. His running around with that no-good Mac Slat was what got Pop's dander up. Well, he knew Bill better than Mac Slatt did. And Pop thought he knew how to handle this situation.

For Bill was proud of his father, and Pop counted on that.

"Well," Pop finally said, "you've given me something to think about anyway. I'm coming in with you."

"What?" Bill asked. "You're what?"

"You heard me. I'm making myself a partner."

Mac Slatt worked his fat face. "Are you kidding? Uh-uh, Mister Haynes, uh-uh. This is with me and Bill. Split two ways, right down the middle."

"Look," Pop said, "I know what the deal is with hot drill-bits. You pick them up, give them to some guy with a machine shop. He gives you six dollars each. Well, how many can you get in a night? Twenty? Thirty at the most."

"About that. Right down the middle."

"Okay," Pop said. "I can guarantee a hundred bits. Now even you know arithmetic good enough to see that my three-way split beats your two-way split." Leaning forward in the chair, Pop spit at the cuspidor.

Greed showed on Mac Slatt's face.

Doubt showed on Bill Haynes' face.

"No, Pop. There's no need for you in this. It's better with just Mac and me." He was steadily shaking his head.

"I'm not talking about 'need'," Pop said drily. "I'm talking about money. A hundred drill-bits at six dollars apiece. Listen, I know every drilling-rig in nine counties. Every driller and two-thirds of the roughnecks. And I got a good heavy pick-up truck. You can't operate without me."

"That's not the point."

Mac Slatt held up one hand to shush Bill. "You know, what you say may be right, Mister Haynes. I bet there's not a drilling-rig in this area that wouldn't . . ." Suddenly Mac snapped his fingers. He thrust a huge paw at Pop Haynes. "Shake, partner. This is going to be one profitable deal!"

Pop ignored his hand.

Bill looked crestfallen at Pop. "But Pop," Bill said, "Why—Why?"

"Look," Pop said. "To me, money ain't important. But if you're going to hustle bits, then it's going to be done right. As far as this other tube of guts is concerned, I don't care if he rots in jail."

Mac Slatt, who, having taken his shirt off the wall, was buttoning it over his T-shirt. He turned. "I don't appreciate that, Mister Haynes." Then he grunted into a dark blue sweater. By the time he got his head poked through the neck hole his face was flushed.

Bill Haynes thoughtfully finished buttoning the red plaid shirt. Then, after stuffing the tail into his levis, he took an orange and black wool jacket off the wall and shrugged it on. He earned the jacket four years ago playing football here in Laton High. Throwing one more uncomfortable glance toward Pop, Bill (*Continued on page* 67)

Jayne Mansfield:

"I'D RATHER BE A SEXPOT!"

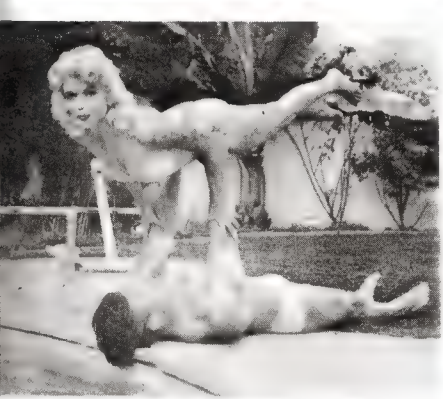
How a man can interview such a tremendous piece of woman as Jayne Mansfield, and then be able to hit his typewriter keys in the right sequence is one for the book. However, Brother Tusher did it—which is nice work if you can get it!

Considerable apprehension was stirred up not long ago when Hollywood's most flamboyant sex symbol, Jayne Mansfield, appeared on the Ed Sullivan show in a prim, high necked dress, playing the piano and violin, showing more of her teeth than any of her more celebrated attributes, and quoting Samuel Johnson. Jayne's performance smacked of a desertion from the ranks, comparable only with Marilyn Monroe's historic, if abortive decision to forsake cheesecake for the life of a dedicated actress.

by BILL TUSHER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GLOBE

At Marineland in Florida, Jayne frolics with the boys. An outdoor girl, she feels clothes inhibit, advocates nudism.



She wants her sex appeal to be vehicle to acting career.

"I'D RATHER BE A SEXPOT!"

I drove around miles of mountainous detours to Jayne's surprisingly modest, redwood-and-glass, hilltop house in Beverly Hills, to give the girl a chance to say it wasn't so—that she wasn't putting her vaunted sex personality in mothballs.

"Well, really," she said in her soft, bell-like voice, as she favored me with a wide-eyed, trusting look, "you can go only so far on your bust. Then if you don't produce, you've had it."

An amiable maid named Irene had let me in. Jayne called to me from the bedroom that she would be out in a minute, and in a minute she came out. She had her hair combed back over her head in a chignon, like Grace Kelly. She wore a button-up pink and white checked middy blouse, and matching pedal pushers.

Evidently, Jayne was expecting a dignified interview. She greeted me with her usual warmth, which is fourteen-karat, and extended her cheek for a kiss—which I bestowed with more alacrity than dignity, being a great believer in establishing rapport with those about whom I write.

There was a time, says Jayne, when her telephone didn't ring. With Sophia Loren and Clifton Webb below, Jayne's pulchritude was never more evident.

The public has been told she is a hound for publicity, but ubiquitous Jayne claims this is not true.

Jayne loves animals, has her own "zoo" in Beverly Hills home.

"I'D RATHER BE A SEXPOT!"

Jayne invited me to sit cozily next to her on a custom-made couch that would have left us squatting on the floor if it were a couple of inches lower. We shared the couch with a chihuaha which was biting the ear of a manx kitten, which in turn kept biting the ear of the chihuaha.

There was a steady traffic of dogs and cats of various sizes, shapes, temperaments, ages, sexes and stages of expectancy. There was a sandbox inside the living room fireplace for pets that couldn't quite make it outside. There was a catnip tree nearby, and two parakeets twittered merrily in a cage.

"Let's see," Jayne took inventory. "I've got nineteen or twenty cats, six dogs not (*Continued on page* 47)

She often discards bra, panties. But this makes her "too bouncy."

SURVIVAL!

If you graduate from the Arctic Survival School you can clap yourself on the back. This tough outfit puts you as close to death as possible—without sticking you into an icy grave.

No one was sure what the Cessna had landed on that snow-covered lake, but it was only from its general size that it could be identified as a plane.

They weren't worried a bit because they had lived a good fight plan on leaving Fairbanks, and knew that Air Rescue would start searching when they were reported overdue. Vaguely, they realized they'd have to set up some kind of signal observable from the air, so they stamped out a large X, meaning "medical a-

by JOHN R. DAVIDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

proceed," in the snow, and left it at that. Then, beneath the wing, they constructed a shelter of snow against the twenty-below temperature and fifteen-knot winds, and settled down to await developments.

It was already late afternoon and the 74th Air Rescue, based hundreds of miles south across the Baker Range in Fairbanks, didn't reach the airstrip at Barter Island until the next morning. The hunt began, and SA-16 triphibians, as well as civilian planes volunteering to search, were soon criss-crossing the sky as far back along the route as Oomiat. Screeching and hollering, the stranded men waved and cavorted, but no one saw them. Nor was their signal, which was simply a white X against a white snow background, visible, because they had neglected to fill in the troughs with brush, pine boughs, or anythinug dark.

The fuselage of their plane was a bright crimson, but that wasn't apparent because they'd forgotten to brush the snow óff it. They had no flares or smoke markers along, and the only survival equipment this civilian plane carried was a few chocolate bars, which barely sustained them through the second day.

When Air Rescue carried out the search into the early evening the derelicts figured they had it made. Fire; So they drained the gasoline out of the tanks into a tightly-packed saucer of snow and tossed a match into it. The match, quite naturally went out, and the precious gas seeped down into the snow. The search plane flew past, heedless. Tantalizingly, in the night, the lights atop the radio masts of the nearby airstrip glowed red; quite close, but one hell of a long way when one has forgotten to bring along snowshoes for such emergencies; when the snow is five feet deep.

Four days later, famished, frost-bitten, and frenzied, they were accidentally spotted when an Air Rescue scanner noticed "crazy moose-tracks" as his SA-16 flew low beneath the overcast. Dipping to investigate, the crew saw a man wave, and radioed instantly for a helicopter to come and pick up the missing men. No signals at all were visible, and if the rescue plane hadn't been abnormally low the man would never have been seen. And if it had been a few degrees colder, by this time the men would have been dead.

Why did they goof? Without going into the alibis, the reasons were, as they usually are, lack of survival know-how, and panic. Like the desert with its arid, shimmering nothingness, and the jungle with its absence of direction, the Arctic is a terrifying immensity which can blank out resourcefulness and crush the will to survive unless a man has something to sustain him. Survival know-how, and confidence in it can be sustenance enough.

"What you do that first fifteen minutes after you go down will determine whether you are going to live or die," says Lieutenant Colonel Earl T. Reichert, C.O. of the 74th Air Rescue Squadron, whose men, along with the 71th ARS at Elmendorff AFB, have saved hundreds of men from certain death in the frozen wastes of the Arctic. If you blunder or panic then, you've had it, but if you make the right moves in that initial stage immediately after crash-landing or bail-out, you'll almost undoubtedly hold out until you can be rescued.

That is the premise upon which the Arctic Survival Training School operates, and its instructors are stubbornly pragmatic in teaching men who fly the right moves. It is the latest addition to the Air Force's system of schools which educate men for life-or-death struggles in wild, strange terrain in the event of their ditching, bailing out, or being shot down. And, like the others in desert, jungle, and mountain survival, the Arctic Survival School is less interested in intellectual achievements than in the demonstrated ability to take it—and to think clearly and act swiftly in the process.

"Our mission here is to supply you with the latest of techniques by which you can keep yourself alive," is the way Captain W. E. Bullington, the C.O., begins the opening lecture, "and maintain a reasonable degree of comfort in a survival situation until Air Rescue can pick you up."

This, the school does, with a hard, practical course which I, as a civilian, have just had the unique experience of enduring.

I first heard about the course from an Air Force captain in Florida, who had just returned from the school and hadn't quite stopped shivering from the frigid experience. Interested, I got clearance from Washington to have a look at all aspects of the Alaska Air Command, including the Survival School. I flew to Anchorage via Northwest Airlines, which was a luxury flight fondly remembered when I was flying more than 25,000 miles over the frozen face of Alaska in 600-knot jets, SA-16s, C-54s, C-124s, and unheated helicopters and private planes.

There the Air Command supplied me with the clothing I was to wear during my five-week stay, and *without which no Air Force personnel or other passenger is permitted aboard a USAF plane in Alaska during the winter months.* This consisted of long johns, wool pants and tunic, wool sweater, inner gloves of wool and outer gauntlets of leather, a tea-cosy type pile cap, three pairs of heavy wool socks of graduated sizes, felt bootees, and the outer, knee-high mukluks with canvas tops and rubber bottoms reinforced against the ground by thick, felt inner soles.

The clothing is numerous rather than heavy, because, with many layers of garments the "dead air" spaces between provide added insulation. On top of all this, for the intense cold of high-altitude flying and wind-swept ground areas, is worn a tough, byrd-cloth flying suit with a Martian, fur-lined hood which extends a foot in front of the face.

All of this seemed necessary for the fifteen-degree below zero cold, but not until I reached Ladd Air Force Base, in the central sector of Alaska referred to as "norty of the Range," did I learn that Anchorage, with its piddling temperatures was contemptuously called "the banana belt." When I landed at Ladd it was forty below, and for most of the winter had been hovering between thirty and fifty-five below. But even this, I was to learn later out on the sea-ice, was kid stuff.

On the flight north with Major Jake Cooper, of the 71st Air Rescue Squadron, I got my first appreciation of the problems airmen in Alaska are faced with. This was a relatively civilized area, because between *(Continued on page 54)*

THESE WERE THE BRAVE

"When the will defies fear, when duty throws the gauntlet down to fate, when honor scorns to compromise with death – this is heroism."

R. G. INGERSOLL

The Secretary of the Treasury takes pleasure in presenting the SILVER LIFE-SAVING MEDAL to

WILLIAM ADOLPHUS MATTHEWS

Boatswain's Mate, First Class, United States Coast Guard

for service as set forth in the following

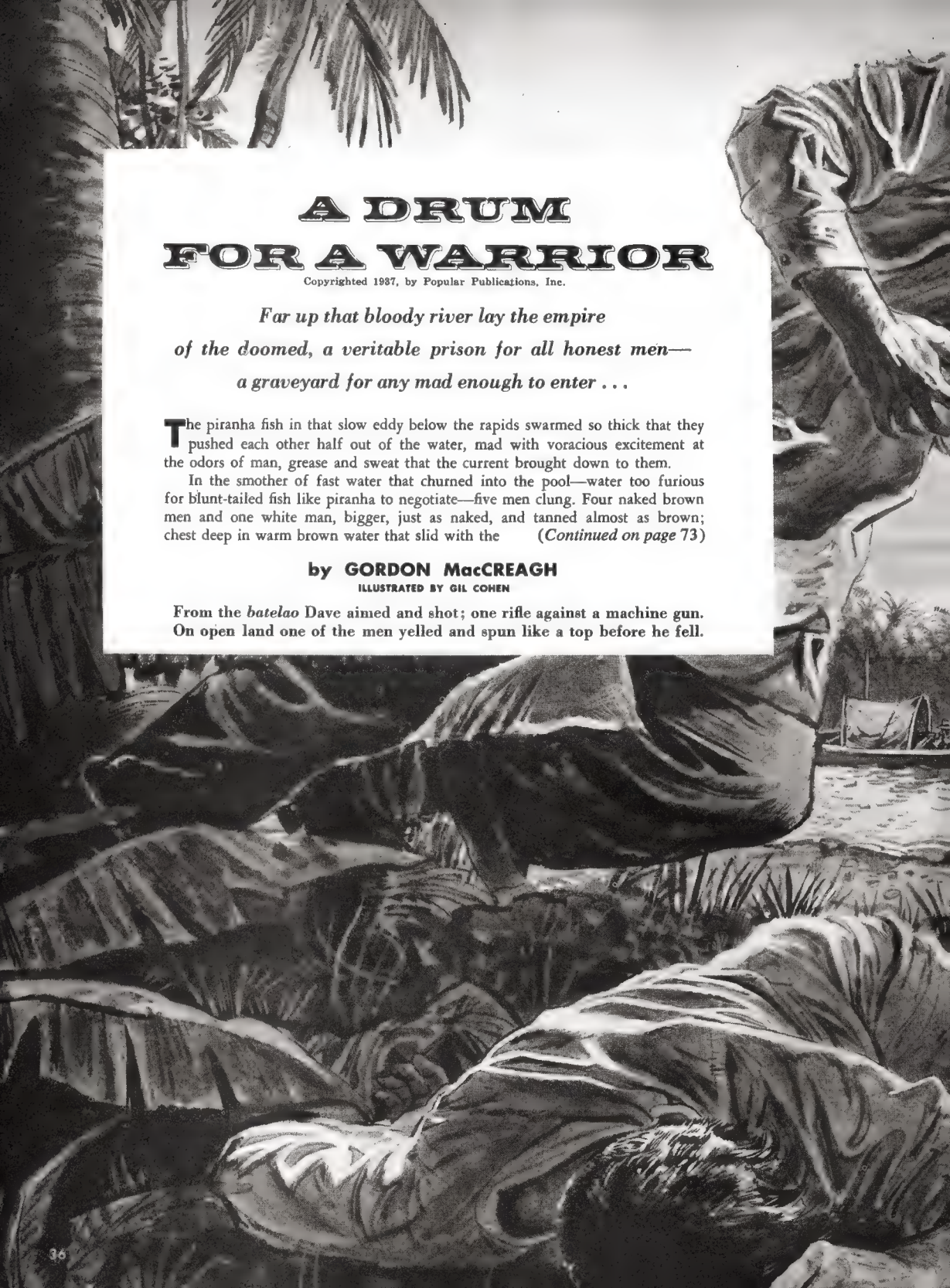
CITATION:

For heroic action on the afternoon of 19 December 1955, when he rescued from drowning, a man who had fallen into the East River near Pier 5, Brooklyn, New York. Matthews was Officer in Charge of the CG-64306, and was departing the slip after debarking Bureau of Customs personnel, when he heard cries for help. He immediately turned back to investigate, and brought his vessel alongside a customs officer who had lost his footing and fallen into the water between the pier and a barge. Matthews quickly removed his outer clothing and, with complete disregard for his own personal safety, dived into the icy water. He reached the aged, helpless man, placed a line around him, and succeeded in getting him over to the boat's ladder where crew members hauled him aboard. Matthews' outstanding courage, initiative and fortitude while endangering his life during this rescue, reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Coast Guard.

G. M. Humphrey
Secretary of the Treasury

EDITOR'S NOTE: Adventure is proud to continue a series honoring the men of our armed forces who have won their nation's gratitude for heroic actions during war and peacetime. The above award is the fourth of many we are honored to publish.

William A. Matthews (left), and crewman.



A DRUM FOR A WARRIOR

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Far up that bloody river lay the empire of the doomed, a veritable prison for all honest men—a graveyard for any mad enough to enter . . .

The piranha fish in that slow eddy below the rapids swarmed so thick that they pushed each other half out of the water, mad with voracious excitement at the odors of man, grease and sweat that the current brought down to them.

In the smother of fast water that churned into the pool—water too furious for blunt-tailed fish like piranha to negotiate—five men clung. Four naked brown men and one white man, bigger, just as naked, and tanned almost as brown; chest deep in warm brown water that slid with the (*Continued on page* 73)

by GORDON MacCREAGH

ILLUSTRATED BY GIL COHEN

From the *batelao* Dave aimed and shot; one rifle against a machine gun. On open land one of the men yelled and spun like a top before he fell.

STREET OF THE DAMNED

A source of hope: The Salvation Army.

There may be tougher, more brutal Skid Rows than New York's Bowery, but I doubt it. I was there —and there they beat me until they almost killed me!

by EDWARD THOMPSON

PHOTOS BY WEEGEE

I got off the Third Avenue bus at Third Street and had to step over a dead man, lying on his back, his mouth gaping to the sky.

That was my introduction to the Bowery, the toughest, roughest place in the world aside from the New York Waterfront and some far Eastern ports. I lived there for four days. I slept in all the flop houses. I ate their miserable meals where the most expensive is forty cents. I drank in their saloons where beer is ten cents and wine fifteen and the most expensive whiskey is thirty-five cents. I had a drink of their wine which costs sixty-five cents a fifth and tastes of fusel oil.

I lived their lives just as surely as if I had been a permanent habitant of the Bowery. I was beaten and robbed the day I left. And I came away with as complete a knowledge of the Bowery as its residents.

Why did I do it? It was a compulsion. For several years I had been thinking about a book about the Bowery. One Tuesday morning I took off from California and the following Saturday I was in the Grand Central depot, inquiring about the various men's shelters operated by the city, and the flop houses.

There was a young blond girl in the Travelers' Aid where I went for advice. Her eyes got wider than china saucers and she said, "Why do you want to go there?"

"Because," I said, "it's a dream of three years. I want to live it and write it. Why does anyone take off for far places? Why does anyone go around the world. It's a compulsion. You just can't help it."

"You're apt to be killed." she said, and she acted like she might care, though I know she couldn't because I'd only met her half an hour before.

"I can give you a note to the Men's Shelter at 8 Third Street

Drunk or tired, men "sack out" in a flop house. Youth gets helping hand, unusual on Bowery.

For the infirmed, destitute, all roads lead to hub of the hobos. For the careless bum below, Christmas means his hat and shoes will be gone.

Cocaine, not Coke, is byword. This man knows it.

for a night's lodging and a meal. Do you need bus fare."

"No," I said. "I think I can make out."

She gave me the note. I put my most expensive baggage in one of the lockers at Grand Central, took my two small bags with my shirts, socks, handkerchiefs and that sort of thing, and caught the Third Avenue bus.

All the way out I wasn't thinking about the trip to the Bowery which I had waited so long to achieve. I wasn't thinking about the buildings that grew older and older, or the streets more littered with trash, or the people moving in an endless mass, going nowhere. I was thinking about that blond with the blue eyes, not over twenty-two, who had said 'You might get killed.' And she had said it as though she meant it.

I was forty-six. I shouldn't have even been here. I should have been home in my safe little California house with my safe housekeeper, writing safe stories for safe magazines. There is such a thing as safety palling, however. You get in a rut. And before you know it you're off to some place you had often thought of going, but, really, deep in your heart, you never thought you'd make it.

So, here I was in the Bowery. I stepped over the dead man, who was lying close to the curb, and onto the filthy sidewalk. There was a cop standing beside the corpse, apparently waiting for the wagon to pick him up. Within a few feet was a young drunk, hair uncombed, clothes filthy, shouting that he wanted to be taken in for the murder.

I had never seen anything like this before. If a drunk shouted at a cop even on our paltry Skid Row he'd be run in for something.

"Get lost," the cop said, "before I make you real sorry. Hear me?"

"I ain't goin' nowhere," the drunk shouted back. "I done it. I must of done it. Who else done it? He come staggering out of there with a load. He couldn't walk. I couldn't neither, for that matter. I grabbed at him, but it twere't no use. He was a rollin' and I was a rolling. *(Continued on page 58)*

The Bowery knows no age barriers — all are welcome.

One of the most widely discussed of all subjects dealing with sex is the problem of the frigid wife. That many wives are more or less unresponsive to their husbands in the marital act, and in degrees ranging from passive indifference to disgust and loathing, is no hush-hush secret any more. In fact, the problem has been so thoroughly stressed in numerous media of communication, that millions of women are virtually steeped in fear of their own possible sexual inadequacy, and are more than eager to overcome it if it actually exists. Not so with the problem of the frigid husband. There seems to be almost a tacit conspiracy of silence regarding it; to pretend that it doesn't exist. Millions of husbands are not only unaware that they are unsatisfactory sex partners, but even consider themselves competent if not star performers. If ignorance is ever bliss, then they might be termed the world's most blissful men. But their wives, of course, are anything but blissful.

Then there are millions of other husbands who realize — in degrees ranging from vaguely to painfully acute—that they are not the men they should be, insofar as their wives are concerned. This realization can take many forms. It can be a gnawing awareness of subnormal sex drive and capacity. It can be a secret preference for autoeroticism to normal heterosexual expression. It can be aversion to heterosexual expression, strong enough, in some cases, to make such expression a disagreeable task, even though it can be accomplished by the exercise of will power. It can be a yearning for homosexual expression, either gratified or ungratified. It can be a fear of sex itself. It can be some one of the many forms of impotence, as partial, total, temporary, or recurrent; with the wife but not with casual amours; involuntary termination of the sex act almost as soon as intromission has been accomplished and even prior to intromission; and an inability to make love unless certain ritualistic conditions have been fulfilled (such as having the lights just so, visual observation of the nude or semi-nude partner, a certain scent in the room, or even preliminary abuse of partner in some way, or being abused by her).

In all of these conditions, the masculine lack of sex knowledge, of, for lack of better words, "norms" or "yardsticks" to go by, is frequently (*Continued on page* 50)

Women have many faults, according to male critics: they "quack" too much, too long; they drive cars like bums—and they nag, nag, nag! But, unlike millions of men, most take a sane view of sex. And thousands of the girls ask many times—

Are You A "Frigid"

by RAYMOND S. TRAFFARN

PHOTO BY NAT FINKELSTEIN

Husband ?

the floor beside the bunk spoke for itself. He'd feel responsible for the fix we were in. But accidents certainly could happen, couldn't they?

I got dressed and began making a fire.

"Look, Jim."

I turned from the stove. Vince was sitting up, displaying a stout stick of scrub oak, which he'd robbed from the bunk. At one end of the stick he'd fitted a short crosspiece to form a crude crutch. "With this, I can manage, Jim. We'll get out of here, or give it a good try."

"Oh, sure," I said sarcastically, "easy as pit." It had taken us six hours of hiking over the roughest kind of country to get here, from the end of the road where we'd left the car. Fat chance he'd have with a crutch.

I could have gone out myself, and got help, except that I didn't have the remotest idea where the car was. It was new country to me. It had been the middle of the night when we left the car and started hiking. Up and down steep slopes, picking a way along ledges, fighting through brush, wading along stream beds, scrambling over boulders—I'd just followed Vince, with cold venom in my heart, as he kept saying, "Just a little farther," hour after hour, mile after mile, with a bounce in his step and a song in his voice, while I staggered along behind. I paid no attention to direction or landmarks. Sometimes the moon was in the north, sometimes in the south—a new place in the sky every time I looked up. I don't pretend to be the outdoor type. That's Vince's department.

After he broke his leg, I tried to find the car, to get out and get help. But I almost got lost. I was lucky to find my way back to the cabin.

Nobody knew where we were, not even Kay. We'd made plans for camping on the Pitt River, then changed our minds en route and came up here to the Trinity wilderness. Vince knew a place, he'd said, where nobody ever went. He was right—for good reason. The only people who used this cabin were cattlemen, during the fall roundup, when they brought their stock out of the mountains.

I got the kindling started, and was poking wood on it when there was a thump behind me. Vince was off the bunk with that homemade crutch. "See, Jim? Nothing to it. If I'm careful . . ." He gasped, as the game foot struck the leg of the table, twisting the broken leg. I think he would have toppled over if I hadn't grabbed him. He moaned softly, the sweat beading on his forehead, while I helped him back onto the bunk. He lay there breathing heavily.

"Oh, damn," he breathed. "If I could only *do* something. This is the first time in my life, Jim, when I've been helpless. I've never had to lean on anybody else."

I turned away, not wanting what I felt to be seen on my face. Maybe the experience would humble Vince a little, I thought. Maybe after this he'd realize there were others in the world, that he wasn't as self-sufficient as he supposed, and that what he wanted wasn't his for the taking.

I put the coffee pot on, then went out for some wood. But I didn't go far, just one step out the door, and then I froze.

There were footsteps upon the new snow. Human footsteps. Someone had walked from the little cabin porch across the snow to the river. In the bright morning light I could see every step to where the tracks ended at the bank of the stream, some fifty yards away.

There were no prints coming onto the porch, just the single set of tracks leaving, as if someone had been inside and had walked out and into the river.

This, of course, was impossible.

But what gave these footprints an eerie and a creepy touch of fantasy was the fact that they were small, in fact, tiny, and feminine—made by the high-heeled slippers of a woman.

Such prints, out here in the wilderness area, appearing on the new snow, coming from nowhere and vanishing into the river. Such is the stuff of nightmares. Such are the hallucinations of the insane.

And it was this experience that caused me to begin this journal. There should be a record, of everything that happens, so that Kay will know. This journal will tell her, if I do not survive.

OCTOBER 22

For the past three days I have been hunting. I am clumsy at it, a novice. But a man does what he has to. I will get meat or we will die. And today I got a deer. A doe, true enough, but this isn't the formalized hunt of sportsmen; this is survival. When we arrived at the cabin there was a little sugar, salt, flour and coffee, left there by the cattlemen, which supplemented what we carried in on our backs. But it wasn't much, and we hadn't carried in much. That's what we'd live on until spring, now.

I cleaned the deer and brought it in, and when I came into view of the cabin I saw more tracks. The tracks were in the form of a large circle with a cross within it, as if children had been playing the game of fox and geese in the snow. I stopped at the rear of the cabin to examine the tracks, and found two distinct sets of footprints intermingled. One were footprints that would be made by the shoes of a child about six, the other by a child two or three years older.

The tracks came from the beaten path I had made to the woodpile. I didn't attempt to follow them further. With the first prints, the high-heeled tracks leading from the porch to the river, I had gone downstream along the bank several miles, waded across at a ford, then had gone upstream several miles past the cabin, forded again, and come back to where I started, checking to see if the footprints emerged from the stream. They hadn't.

Since then, upon three occasions, there have been new footprints. One time it was the prints of a man's shoe, another time a smaller, flat print, as of a woman's overshoe, and the third time the prints of the two children playing fox and geese.

I hung the deer on a pole Vince had fixed between two trees for the buck he'd shot the day of our arrival, and went inside.

"Nice going, Jim," Vince said. He was on the bunk whittling on a bishop. For the past two days he'd been carving a set of chessmen. He nodded at the window. "Saw you toting it in. A beauty. I knew you could do it if you had to."

I picked up a rook from the box beside the bunk. "Say, you're doing a nice job on these."

"Great," he said sourly. "To bad there's no yarn to crochet."

I don't know of anybody in the world who would find it harder to be tied to a bunk day after day. Vince's idea of a perfect Sunday was to shoot thirty-six holes of golf, play four sets of tennis, swim for an hour, and then have a good workout in the gym. He was a rather small man, but all muscle. Stripped, he looked like a contestant for Mr. America. But what can you do with a muscle except exercise it? At school, yes—athletic hero and idol of the campus—and, quite a champ with the girls.

He was good enough to get a bid from the pros, in football. He made the squad with the Chicago Bears, but he was just too small for that league, and was released in mid-season. When he got home he called up his number one girl friend—to whom he hadn't said goodbye, nor so much as dropped a postcard while he was away—to find Kay married to me.

In a way, I have been deeply grateful to Vince. Except for him, I never would have gotten Kay, or my chance with the company. I was always fat, and clumsy. As a kid, I admired Vince tremendously. He could chin himself with one hand, do stunts on the bar, walk on his hands, climb a rope, do a somersault from the diving board, hang by his heels—everything I wanted to do, and couldn't.

He was captain of the baseball team, and I used to take his paper route for him so he could practice. In return, he let me shag balls, take care of the equipment, sit with the team during games. One afternoon when I went for the papers, the man in charge asked me if I wanted the route. I told him it was Vince's. He said it was mine, that Vince was through. When I saw Vince later, he said he didn't want it any more.

And that, curiously enough, seemed to be the pattern as we grew up. I was never as good as Vince at anything, nor as smart, and I took the things he didn't want. Of course, as the star athlete in school, he could have his pick of part-time jobs. He pulled me along with him, and that's how I got started with the company. He was offered a good opening upon graduation, but turned it down

to play pro football, and it dropped into my lap.

With Kay, it was in a sense the same. She had eyes for nobody else but Vince. So he kept her from getting interested in anybody else, and when he broke her heart, I was there.

From this point on, Vince seemed to stand still. At the time when most of us were getting underway with our life's work, getting married, getting homes and getting babies, Vince was chasing around with the young crowd, and flexing those muscles, keeping himself fit. Fit for what?

Vince didn't marry. Didn't have to, he'd tell you with a sly wink. He had a number of good openings, but let them slip away. What he required of a job was that it allow him time to keep those muscles in tone; he had to have his golf, he had to attend sporting events, he had to have his fishing and hunting trips. At twenty that's okay, but at thirty-six it was a bit paethetic. Vince just never had grown up. He was still a college boy at heart.

For the past year he'd been with the company as a commission salesman, (I got him the job, and, as a matter of fact, was his boss). And during the year I'd thought that perhaps Vince was growing up, at last. He'd been chasing the dolls less, and dropping around oftener for an evening with us. He was wild about my kids. Tom and Carla. He thought Kay was just about the best wife a man ever had. He liked the house, he liked the furniture, he liked the garden, he liked the dog. "Jim," he told me so often, "You've got it made." And occasionally I caught an unguarded look, as when we would be gathered at the TV and I'd glance sidewise and see Vince watching us instead of the program.

This camping trip was, of course, his idea. And from the beginning, on that first night when he practically killed me off on the hike with full pack from the end of the road to the cabin, it was obvious that Vince was showing me how much better a man he was than I. Well, okay, I'd never doubted it. Vince always was a better man, and he could still leave me far behind in the race of life, if he got down to it. He had a tremendous drive, when he wanted something. He had supreme confidence that what he wanted —what he really wanted—he could get.

Here in the mountains Vince had, of course, every advantage. He'd been camping out year after year. I hadn't tried it since Boy Scout days. We ate fish the first day. I managed to catch one while Vince got fourteen. Next day we went hunting. I followed a deer trail while Vince circled the ridge. I saw a deer, all right, but I was shaking too bad to pull the trigger. Vince got a nice buck. I helped him carry it in and hang it on a pole between trees behind the cabin.

Next morning there were tracks below. Vince said a wolverine had been after the meat, and the only way to catch those devils was with a deadfall. He set out with an axe, while I did KP.

We were supposed to go out after my buck in the afternoon, but Vince didn't come back for for lunch. In the late afternoon I started out looking for him, following the deer trail, and I found him there pinned by a log, caught by his own deadfall.

I got him in and set the leg myself, splinting it with stakes from the cabin. I'd never done that before, but it had to be done, and, I thought, it would be temporary. But I spent all next day looking for the car, and most of the night trying to find my way back. We were there until he was able to walk. And when it began to snow, it meant we were there for the winter.

If I haven't said much in this journal about the footprints in the snow, it is not because I have accepted so incredible a phenomenon casually. I simply do not know what to write about them here. A thing is. The evidence is there. There is no sane explanation. Why dwell upon the insane ones?

Vince has, by his attitude, caused me to restrict all mention of the footprints to the bare facts. Since the first ones, those of a woman's high-heeled slippers, he has talked endlessly on the subject. He has driven me out of the cabin by his incessant talk of the footprints.

Now, tonight, as I write this, he keeps telling me to be sure to put in about Tom and Carla's footprints playing fox and geese out behind the cabin. That's who it is, making the prints, my family—in spirit, of course. First it was Kay, waiting at the cabin door on the night of the first snowfall, wanting to help. She has been up once since, this time wearing overshoes. And the kids now were up playing fox and geese. They're worried, Vince says. Back home they're seeking. When The man's footprints, he says, must belong they're asleep their spirit comes up here. to some dear friend. Or perhaps they are my own, joining my family in spirit.

Rubbish, of course.

"Are you putting in about Kay and the kids being here?" he has just asked, as I write this.

"Yes, of course. But one thing I can't understand. Where is the dog?"

NOVEMBER 2

To whom it may concern:

I, Vince Crawford, am making this entry in Jim's journal.

He is a mad man. Utterly insane. I have been lying helpless in this cabin, dependent upon the whims of a psychopath.

Footprints upon the snow—high-heeled slippers, prints of a woman wearing overshoes, a man's footprints, footprints of two children playing fox and geese—utter hallucination, the whole business, and, for one in my position, something to make the flesh creep.

I have been here. I have seen that snow. I have seen him point to an unbroken expanse and claim it contained mysterious footprints that started and ended nowhere. What could I do under the circumstance? In the presence of insanity, me with a broken leg, all I could do was humor Jim.

"Yes, sure, Jim," I agreed. "I see the footprints." Yes, of course. I had to agree with his every delusion, including his belief that Kay and the kids, together with a man, are haunting the place in spirit form, invisible but leaving footprints.

His hallucination regarding the footprints of the man is the key to the whole thing. That man, to his insane mind, is myself. Jim went off the handle because of me. All his life, Jim has been playing second fiddle to me. All he ever got was what I didn't want. Even his wife. Yes, he married Kay, but she loves me. She always has, and always will.

It is an appalling thing to discover that your best friend hates you. It was only upon reading this journal that I realized the friendship went only one way. His amazing rationalization regarding his "success" and my "failure" is a case in point. Jim a success? Well, through keeping his

"Ignore him."

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dumb nose to the grindstone Jim had advanced to a pretty good position with the company. He has a nice house (which he'll own in another twenty-one years), a beautiful wife, lovely kids. But all this is on the surface. All Jim has are things he can take hold of. Jim is a grind. All he can do is work. He doesn't know how to enjoy life. He has no time to make friends. His entire life is centered around home and family, and he knows it has no foundation. He has Kay's body, but not her love. If she leaves him, she'll take the kids with her. Then what's he got?

Success?

Like all clods, Jim has been envious of a man who could enjoy life. I have time for play. I have time for love. I don't have to cling to a job. I can find work anywhere. I don't have to get married, because I can find girls anywhere. The clods wish they could do the same. Because they can't, they cover their envy by denonucing me. And, because they fear me, they hate me. Jim does, as I have found out.

Of late, I have been thinking of getting married and settling down. Not because I had to, but because I wanted to. A man's tastes change. Maybe it would be more fun chasing the dollar than chasing dolls. Maybe it would be worthwhile having what they call success, if the right woman shared it with you.

The woman, of course, would be Kay. I have had many women, but she is the only one I would want for my wife. I could take her away from Jim any time I said the word. I have hesitated only because I felt sorry for him. She's the only girl he's ever had in his life. I didn't want to do it to him. I was reluctant because of friendship. A strange word, now that he has tried to kill me.

I should have realized, when Jim said he'd like to go on a camping trip with me, that something was up. Jim is strictly a motel man when he travels. He hasn't been camping since he was a Boy Scout. He's a clumsy clown, an awkward oaf.

But cunning. The day I got my buck, he was building a deadfall on the deer trail. It was cleverly constructed, so that animals would pass under it, while a man, pushing away the branch that was its trigger, would be crushed. Thank God I have good reflexes. My sudden leap saved me from being killed, although I did get a broken leg. Lying there, thinking back, I saw it all plainly, how his resentment over being inferior had festered, and his fear that I would take Kay from him had become an insane hatred.

The next day Jim left me helpless in the cabin, and deserted me. He just left me to die, while he went for "help." The help never would have arrived, because Jim would have put on his tenderfoot act, and wouldn't have been able to find the road, let alone the cabin. All that saved my life was the fact that Jim was such a greenhorn. He couldn't find the car. He had to let me live, to take him out of the mountains.

I think his mind snapped under the enormity of his act. But I didn't realize he was crazy until he began claiming there were footprints of his family upon the unbroken surface of the snow.

It has stormed for several days. Jim thought he heard a plane overhead as the storm was brewing up, and this morning when it broke cold and clear, with a foot of new snow, he was out early, tramping the word "HELP" in the snow. Then about an hour ago I heard the plane. It circled overhead and dropped a bundle in a red parachute.

Now as I write I can see the bundle with the parachute beside it, lying where it fell. But I can't see Jim. He hasn't gone to the bundle. He has left it lying there, while he does more important things before help arrives. What he is doing, I don't know, for my view is restricted to the tiny window and what I can see from it. But whatever it is, I know its purpose. Now he needs me no longer. He came up here with the intent to murder me. He will concoct some other "accident" to befall me before we are rescued.

That's why I am writing in this journal. As I write, my cocked rifle is beside me on the bunk. When help arrives, only one of us will be alive.

LATER, SAME DATE

This is Jim Roundy again; I began this journal, and this entry will finish it.

From the evidence herein, I am insane, with hallucinations of footprints upon the unbroken snow. If I claim that Vince brought me here to kill me, that he got caught in his own deadfall he was preparing on the deer trail for me, it is merely his word against mine.

The burden of proof is upon me.

When the plane came over, I knew a rescue would follow, so I kept out of sight of the cabin window. I didn't want to be shot. I made my way carefully to the cabin from the blind side, and began whittling upon the crutch that Vince had made. I had taken his crutch out with me this morning, for the purpose. His whittling had not been idle. Now, as I crouched outside in the snow, carefully slicing thin shavings of the oak, neither was mine.

When I heard the engine of the approaching helicopter, I was ready, with the crutch reduced to a pile of dry shavings sitting against the cabin shakes. I touched a match to it. The shavings were like tinder, the old shakes caught fire.

As the helicopter hovered overhead and came down in the snow before the cabin, the fire spread along the wall and engulfed the front porch. I knew Vince couldn't get out the little rear window.

The pilot climbed out of the helicopter. "Hey, is anybody in there?"

In answer to his question, the door banged open. Then Vince came running out. He came running not on his feet, but on his hands, his broken leg safely in the air. And to protect his hands from the fire he held a little block in each of them.

What happened to the various blocks of wood he had carved into the shape of human footprints, I don't know . . . but as he ran out of the cabin on his hands, the blocks he held left upon the fallen snow, footprints . . . of a dog ■■

JAYNE MANSFIELD: I'D RATHER BE A SEXPOT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

including two chihuahas that died, a turtle and a couple of birds. I had five rabbits, but I had to give them away. I can't spread my affection that much."

"I have a pregnant Siamese, and a pregnant other cat you haven't seen," she announced jubilantly. "The other cat is a sable. The pregnant Siamese was mated to a very good cat—he won all the shows."

Jayne picked up the expectant Siamese and handed her to me.

"Here," she commanded, "feel her milk glands. She's going to have a baby any minute. I have to check all the time."

I had no burning ambition to delve into the mysteries of feline obstetrics, so I put the Siamese back on the floor.

"Most people," Jayne sized herself up," are different. They hope their cats don't get pregnant and they don't want them to go out and cat around."

An amorous chihuaha whom Jayne called Charlessa, parked on her lap.

She unlapped the chihuaha to fetch me a scotch and soda, and apologized for making me drink by myself because she'd plumb run out of pink champagne.

"It's terrible to be without pink champagne, really," she said solemnly. "I like pink champagne and I don't like anything else. I'll have to call this man and get some more. He just brings it over. Isn't that nice? He doesn't charge or anything. He just brings it over."

Abstention from giggle water, chignon, high necked blouse, do-it-yourself zoo and all, failed to insulate the environment against the Freudian overtones with which it was charged every time Jayne parted her full red lips or moved her supple chassis.

If Jayne had decided—for some absurd reason—to soft pedal her sex appeal, as her appearance on the Sullivan show seemed alarmingly to suggest, she didn't seem destined for conspicuous success. Her sex quotient has a way of spilling over, whether it's in the clothes that she wears or in her conversation.

"I just wanted to show," Jayne said of the Sullivan show, "that my assets weren't all behind me."

I had the feeling that she might be reaching for a double entendre, but I didn't invite her to labor it.

"I did the Sullivan show," Jayne went on, "for the same reason I did 'The Wayward Bus.' I have obviously been built up as a sexpot. I figure it's time to let a few people know I fell into it."

The way she fell into it was when she came to Hollywood with the simple intention of finding gainful employment as

an actress. She phoned the casting department at Paramount and asked, "Do you need any movie stars?"

This subtle approach won her an immediate audience with casting director Milton Lewis, who, until then, was sure he'd heard everything.

"When I saw him," Jayne took it from there, "I did the Joan of Arc scene I'd been studying so long. But he said he thought I should do comedy.

This suggestion proved no laughing matter. Comedy was the vehicle which Jayne thereupon rode to her eminence as heir apparent to Queen Marilyn's ostensibly abdicated throne, as the monarch of all sexpots.

"I wasn't selling sex," Jayne explained, "but they said, 'You've got it. Why don't you use it? There aren't many of you left.' I never considered being a sexpot. I always thought of being an actress."

As an indication of how seriously Jayne had thought of being an actress, she started studying in Dallas at the age of fifteen, when her hair was the same chestnut as her six-year-old daughter's, and she wore dresses that did not make an issue of her even then, unusually ample bosom.

She matriculated with such mentors as Eddie Rubin, Robert Glenn and Baruch Lumet, father of director Sidney Lumet; did little theatre in Dallas, studied drama at SMU and the University of Texas, boned up on Stanislavsky, Boleslavsky and Shakespeare (the grouping is Jayne's), and dreamed of the day she would make the sacred Hollywood pilgrimage.

As history has happily recorded, she wisely sublimated her acting desires—and talent—and sex-symboled herself into the starring role of the Broadway hit, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"

During the run of that howling smash, Orson Bean, who portrayed the title character, had some reason to suspect that Jayne had prior schooling as an actress. He constantly had the feeling that Jayne was upstaging him. When someone suggested that it no doubt was due to Jayne's inexperience, he groaned:

"How come her naiveté never leads her to downstage anyone?"

I think it was my best performance," she sashayed into the kitchen off the living room to freshen up my drink. "I was given full range. Frank Tashlin, the director, is not of flesh. He's a genius."

Jayne, who is of flesh, was back in a jiffy, the cavalcade of animals with her.

"Buddy Adler (production head at 20th Century Fox) told me when I came here, 'One year after I sign you, I'm going to build you as an actress. We're going to de-emphasize everything.' "

I suggested that this plan represented a transformation the public was apt to view with considerably less enthusiasm than Mr. Adler. Jayne's baby brown eyes shone with reassurance.

"I think," she put her hand confidingly on my wrist, "that if I had to be one thing —I'd rather be a sexpot."

She seemed to feel better because she said it—as if she suddenly had resolved a great dilemma.

"I'd rather be known because I'm a sexy, very sexy, voluptuous, attractive, desirable woman," she breathed. "It's much more exciting to be that—because there are so many great actresses who do not make money."

She leaned languorously against the back of the couch, and brought the picture into perspective.

"Great actresses," she mused, "they're devoted and all that, but if they can't sell sex appeal, they flop at the box office. Then, there they are in New York—devoted, dedicated, and all by themselves. My idea is to win an Academy Award, but I certainly want to do it where people know about it. I don't want to do it in my attic. I feel I will come through as much as an actress as I have as a personality. I definitely do. I don't believe in adhering to form. I believe in being completely individualistic."

That being the case, I wondered how Jayne felt about the nasty cracks that she was an imitation—even if not a pale one—of her ingenuous predecessor, Marilyn Monroe.

"Oh, that," Jayne shrugged it off, "they don't say that anymore. They haven't said that for a long time. The world is big enough for both of us. It's proved to be big enough. I never thought of being competition. Marilyn was only the most exciting feminine personality of recent years. She was always my favorite, you know. Back in Texas, she was always my idea of an ideal woman. Mitchum was my idea of an ideal man—until I met Mickey Hargitay. He's Mitch and then some."

The male digression, a reference to her amiable, muscular Hungarian boy friend, was no effort to duck out of discussing Marilyn, which for some strange reason Jayne did in the past tense. When I called this to her attention, she disclaimed awareness of the Freudian slip and immediately returned Marilyn to the living.

"I feel," Jayne said objectively, "that both Marilyn and I are both very sexy girls—which all women should be. I think all women should be like Marilyn and me. All women should be very kittenish, soft and sexy. All men should be like great danes, and women should be like Siamese cats. I think Mickey looks like a great dane, and I think I look like a Siamese cat. I think women should be soft, clean, pinkish and tan, and have big, pooly eyes. I think sex is the greatset thing in the world—if you're sexy."

Like Marilyn, Jayne has the quality which separates the glamor girls from the strumpets. She is nice. And I doubt that Jayne is yet a good enough actress to *pretend* to be as nice as she is. That quality you can't simulate, and you don't realize you're generating. Her kindly maker put it there, just as he bestowed her other endowments.

If anything, Jayne would seem a bit more aggressive than Marilyn in exploiting said endowments. With the exception of the Sullivan show masquerade, Jayne isn't notorious for going out of her way to conceal her anatomical charms. If there are times when her scorn for habiliment seems to veer on sheer nudity, it may be because Jayne thinks that nudism, given a fair chance, could prove a virtual cure-all for what ails an admittedly ailing society.

"I think no one should have clothes," the fully clothed Jayne leaned forward and spoke with conviction. "The body would be acknowledged from the beginning if people didn't wear clothes. They started wearing clothes a long time ago, and it's not good for the body. The body has to breathe. Think of the suntan you could get all year long. There wouldn't be as many sex crimes as there are now. People think it's taboo to expose themselves because they walk around with clothes on. If no one wore clothes, it would not be a novelty. I don't believe in clothes—or makeup either. I don't see why you shouldn't wear the face that God gave you."

The dogs and cats, who enjoyed the clothesless millenium of which Jayne spoke, kept frolicking, oblivious of the profundities their mistress was airing.

Jayne got increasingly exhilarated at the thought of a utopia in which all bipeds traipsed around in their birthday suits. Pending arrival of this unencumbered era, she has her own visions of practicing what she preaches when she vacates her present quarters for the dream home she plans to build with her ever-mounting bounty as a sexpot.

"You can just imagine the most exotic place in the world," she drooled, closing her eyes, "and this will be it. I'd have complete privacy because I'd sunbathe in the nude. Can you imagine how wonderful it would be—swimming outdoors in the nude? Nobody to see you. It would be all glass and mirrors. I'd come out of the bed into the pool, and I wouldn't have to take off my clothes."

Jayne has withering contempt for such accessories as girdles, bras and panties, and she feels only sorrowful toleration for falsies.

"As long as I have to wear clothes," she pointed out resolutely, "I wear clothes that hug my body. If I wear a dress, it fits all the way down. I ordinarily wear my hair loose and feminine, too. My hair is combed back today. I have that well scrubbed look. It's not as sexy, but I like to demonstrate my versatility. I don't believe in undergarments. I believe clothes should be simple and form fitting. Everything should fit together. I don't like full skirts. They cover up your assets.

As far as Jayne is concerned, the great cover-up gadget, the girdle, is a plot against the fulfillment of feminine destiny.

"Girdles!" she snorted. "I think the girdle is the most ridiculous thing that ever happened. When God created Eve, I'm sure He never put a girdle on her. I think bras and panties are ridiculous, too. I think sometimes you have to wear bras because sometimes you bounce around too much and it distresses the men."

While Jayne holds no brief, so to

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speak, for artificial endowments, she nevertheless manages to be fairly magnanimous on the subject.

"I think falsies are ridiculous also!" she tittered. "It's only a bigger disappointment when the truth is finally revealed. It's very disappointing. If I were a girl who didn't have anything, I'd work with weights two or three years. I'd go and buy myself a pair of falsies as a last resort. I would certainly not be flat chested.

Jayne confided that she has filed a $100,000 suit because of the unauthorized use of her picture with a tape measure in a magazine advertisement for bust cream. She insisted, however, that she wasn't suing for fear people might have received the impression that her own measurements were artificially induced.

"I'm sure people understand they're God given," she smiled sweetly. "I'm twenty-four now, and they've been with me thirteen years, almost fourteen years."

I called on Jayne the afternoon the Saturday Evening Post came out with her story coverlined, JAYNE MANSFIELD —ANYTHING FOR PUBLICITY."

Rather than miffed, she was philosophical to the point of jubilation.

"The coverline is what sells the magazine," she gave me a lesson in journalism. "Then they explain it in the article. It's not controversial. It's not a black article. It's very cleverly done, it's beautifully done, intelligently done. It doesn't have one needle, either. My point is that you don't have to tear people apart to picture them as they are."

But what about the proposition raised on the Post cover? It was manifestly true that publicity had done a lot for Jayne, but was it true that Jayne would do absolutely anything for publicity?

Jayne took time out to examine the pregnant Siamese cat, whose condition proved status quo.

"I'll tell you something very funny," she smiled earnestly. "I don't do hardly anything for publicity. I didn't go out to publicize myself, as people think I did. I have one aim in my life. That is to make myself the biggest star in Hollywood. But when the phone rings its head off, asking, 'Will you do this and that,' I don't like to disappoint people. I say, 'Fine, I'll do it.' It just snowballed. I don't know what to do now."

There is an unkind gag current in Hollywood that anytime three people gather on a street corner, Jayne Mansfield will rush off to make a public appearance. It would seem this is hyperbolic.

"I'm not crazy about publicity at all," Jayne insisted. "The only reason I like to see all this publicity is that I like to feel I'm making progress. Publicity is a means to an end, but I'd like to see a star be a star without being a star."

Jayne's home, in fact, looked like an annex of the publicity department at 20th Century Fox. There were some opened fan letters strewn over the dining room table, also an enormous scrap book, easily three feet by three feet, to which Jayne obviously had been in the process of adding clippings. There were thirty more of her scrap books, same size, in trust at press agent John Campbell's office at 20th.

For all her bemused preoccupation with these symbols of her progress, it is Jayne's unyielding position that publicity seeks her (for which she is effusively grateful) more than she seeks it.

"I really just do all the things I'm supposed to do," she shrugged pleasantly. "Everything that's supposed to go on goes on, and more. That's what's so weird. This is my first free day in months."

I promptly apologized for impinging on this hard-won freedom.

"Whenever a writer stops impinging on my freedom," she quickly absolved me of my guilty feelings, "I will have had it."

I admired Jayne's jeweled telephone.

"It has rhinestones and pearls," Jayne filled me in. "You can say they're real diamonds. It sounds better. I used to sit in this very living room by this very telephone, jeweled as it was, and it never rang. The only people who called were photographers who wanted me to model for $10 an hour."

A wistful mood descended over her.

"I would have enjoyed it so much more at sixteen," she sighed. "I enjoyed everything more at sixteen."

The sun was sinking over Beverly Hills, and I thanked her for giving me so much insight into the real Jayne Mansfield.

"I'm real, that's for sure," she agreed in that purring voice. "I never say anything for effect. I'm very frank. That's the way to be."

She thought a moment.

"But," she observed after a flash of introspection, "I don't think you can be too normally balanced. You have to be unusual. You have to have a few discrepancies. If you're not that way to start, you're that way after a year."

I rose from the couch to make my reluctant departure.

"You poor thing," Jayne said. "You've got dog hair on you. At least you'll know you've been here." ■ ■

ARE YOU A "FRIGID" HUSBAND? CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

abysmal. Consider, for instance, the following capsule cases, all of which are typical of common types of male frigidity:

If anyone had told George A. that he was frigid, George would have laughed in his face or poked him in the eye. George, in fact, considered himself one hell-of-a-man. He liked dirty stories, burlesque and strip shows, and the company of "easy" women, and he sported with the latter frequently. He was a free spender and a heavy drinker, well-liked by "the boys." He was given to bragging about his prowess between the sheets, and to hear him tell it, his recuperative powers were so great that he could exhaust any woman. He was the father of six children.

But his wife, and the casual women he went with, knew better. He made love like firing a shotgun, virtually instantaneously. When he bragged about the number of "times" he could make love in a night it was just bragging, and it revealed acceptance of a mythology of ignorance that is all too prevalent. He didn't know that it isn't the quantity, but rather the quality, of performance that is important.

His wife was a nervous wreck. She confessed to her doctor that not once in their married life had her husband gratified her. If he had ever bothered to check the infrequence of his sexual releases with the average, well-adjusted males, he would have been surprised to discover that his sex life was very meager, in addition to its jackrabbit briefness on each occasion.

Unfortunately, there are millions of George A.'s in this world. Either through sheer ignorance of proper sex techniques, or inability to control the duration of their own reactions, or both, they cause, in the words of Dr. Th. H. Van de Belde, psychosomatic injuries to their wives which lead to "permanent, or very obstinate, damage . . ."

Then there's the Wilbur B. type. Wilbur is the product of an over-conscientious, over possessive mother who hates sex. "It's necessary for procreation," she told him many times during his boyhood, "but that's about all that can be said for it." So Wilbur shied away from girls, and was still a virgin bachelor at age thirty. Then his mother said, "You must get married, Wilbur, and perform your duty toward society." Wilbur married a submissive creature who was picked out for him by his mother, and in due time sired a couple of children by her. On occasions when she became bold enough to hint that she wouldn't mind a little more attention than she was receiving, he told her, "Sex means very little to me; in fact, I'd rather go without it entirely." He'd be greatly surprised, and deeply hurt, to learn that one of his neighbors is her frequent and very discreet lover.

Henry C. is so afraid of sex that he gets a severe migraine headache every time he suspects that his wife is desirous of a little attention. Arthur D., a very successful salesman, stays away from home as much as he can and goes hunting and fishing on weekends to avoid marital activity as much as possible. Carl E. is so anxious to please his wife that he frequently becomes incapable of the act when the opportunity is available, regains potency when the opportunity has passed.

These are but a few of the curious symptoms that cripple many men as lovers. Some idea of their prevalence, admitted or not, may be gained from findings like the following:

Conservative estimates based on numerous studies covering a nationwide cross-

section of U.S. wives, indicate that an amazingly high percentage of them are dissatisfied with their husbands' love-making ability and capacity. Many of these dissatisfied wives ultimately "cheat" on their husbands, and the most frequent reason they give for such cheating is frigidity on the part of their husbands.

Which brings us to the very pertinent question: What may be considered a normal, adequate sex life among reasonably happily wedded couples?

Of course, this is just about *the* $64,000 question. Sex performance, in itself, is not the all-important factor in happy marriage many would have us believe. But it is still so important that, without some sort of reasonably satisfactory, mutual sexual adjustment, few marriages are truly happy.

We must here depend on averages in arriving at what we may term reasonably normal marital sex activity. And these averages must be based on the reports of couples who have been married for some time, and whose marriages are "wearing well," since many couples indulge in a flurry of activity during the first months of marriage and then settle down to what may be described as a "long-term" lower level of activity after the initial novelty has worn off.

Admitting that averges apply only to groups and seldom fit individuals, here are some findings along these lines:

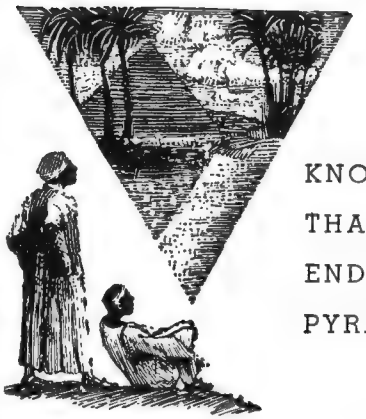
One New York City study involving 10,000 reports indicated that, on the average, eighty-five per cent of couples who have been married for some time have intercourse between one and three times weekly. Similarly, Dr. Katherine B. Davis, in a study involving 1,000 wives, found that seventy per cent of those wives reported intercourse from one to "several times" weekly. Dr. Abraham Stone found that among 3,000 wives, the average of marital activity was between two and three times weekly. In most surveys, frequencies of seven times a week or less than once a week involving long-term, happily-wedded couples are decidedly in the minority.

This, of course, leads us to another very important question: What may be termed average male sex capacity?

The answer to that is fairly easy to establish. Most anthropologists agree that the healthy adult male during his most vigorous years (from the late teens into the early forty's) is, under ideal circumstances, easily capable of one sexual outlet daily. By outlet is meant a complete sexual release, regardless of what form it may take.

However, few men are so consistant. On the honeymoon, for example, many men exceed what is considered average possible performance. After marriage many factors may reduce or even increase frequency temporarily; these include illness, worry, bickering, good luck, a vacation trip, or even a clandestine affair. According to the Kinsey study of male sex behavior, average performance at various ages, whether married or unmarried, is, per week:

Adolescents from ages 16-20, 2.9; from



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21-25, 2.11; from 26-30, 2.25 (perhaps due to many marriages in this age group); from 31-35, 1.9; from 36-40, 1.73; from 41-45, 1.42; from 46-50, 1.15; from 51-55, .96; from 56-60, .79; from 61-65, .71; from 66-70, .48; from 71-75, .30; and from 76-80, .10.

There are several significant points to be drawn from these findings. One is that, in most males actual long-term performance is considerably below maximum capacity. This, among married men, is due to discouraging or diverting factors such as some of those mentioned above, and many others; among single men it is due to such factors as no desirable female partner available, scruples against the practice of auto-eroticism or homosexuality, and so on. Sheer laziness and boredom may constitute the most important factor of all.

The second point, however, is that actual performance among all males closely parallels the averages reported for married men. Thus, again going back to averages, the husband who falls far below average performance, and is consequently classifiable as frigid, has something basically wrong with him. What might that something be?

Obviously, it can be of either physical or mental origin, and in some cases both. In regard to the latter, for instance, the chronic alcoholic is generally indifferent to sex and more or less impotent, while his uncontrollable craving for alcohol may have originated in a malfunctioning metabolism which in time numbed his mental appreciation of and desire for sex. Or consider the man who, prior to marriage, contracted and was cured of a venereal disease like syphilis; after marriage he found that feelings of guilt occasioned by the disease rendered him averse to intercourse with his wife.

But most male frigidity is not due to interaction of body and mind; it is generally due to either physical or mental causes rather than a combination of both. Let's take some of the bodily causes first.

Among these are various veneral diseases and certain abnormalities of the sexual system, such as undescended testes, chronic infections, high fevers, various blood diseases, pulmonary tuberculosis, deficiencies of the central nervous system, and diabetes, to mention but a few. There are also certain disturbances of the endoctrine glands which greatly reduce sexuality.

But all of these, fortunately, cause only about ten per cent of all male frigidity, and in addition, can often be treated successfully by such devices as surgery and hormone administration. If a man is frigid, the chances are about nine to one that the cause originates in his mind.

There are numerous ways by which an individual can get a fairly accurate self-appraisal as to whether his sex urges are normally heterosexual or not.

A great deal of information may be obtained from the general pattern of dreams involving sex. According to a breakdown in the Kinsey study on males (which was applied, incidentally, in the questioning), these dreams fall into four major categories: heterosexual, homosexual, zoo-erotic, and the broad category "other."

Thus a man who dreams mostly of making love to females certainly does not possess strong latent homosexual tendencies, although other aberrations may be present. One man known to the writer, the product of a highly sexed, but dominating mother, dreamed frequently of tying women to a bed and then forcibly violating them while enjoying their anguished pleas and tears. His desire to escape from the domination of his mother was clear, even though he had actually fled the maternal nest when in his early teens. Married, he was in all respects an admirable husband save for one or two dominating quirks. When leaving the house in the morning to go to work, he almost invariably commanded his wife to "Do this or do that today." And he would never make love to her when she indicated that his attentions would be welcome; instead he "put it off" long enough to emphasize that the idea was his, and not hers. These quirks annoyed her to no end. She finally developed the trick of snapping to attention, saluting, and saying "Yes, sir!" whenever he ordered anything from his slippers and pipe brought to him, to submission to the marital act. He, in turn, became annoyed and asked her "what in hell" the idea was. When she told him that he was a sex despot, he had intelligence enough to think it over and admit to himself that she was right. A little marital counseling plus a moderate amount of psychotherapy straightened him out. Otherwise his compulsion to enforce rather than cooperate — itself a symptom of sex fear and frigidity—might have made a nervous wreck of his wife and ultimately ruined their marriage. Yet he showed no signs of homosexuality. This emphasizes that not all men, by any means, who fear, want to dominate, and even hate women, are either latent or active homosexuals.

"Suddenly it seemed silly for me always to get a man."

Obviously, the heterosexual dreams, which are the best indication of normalcy and consequent absence of frigidity, are those in which gentleness, tenderness, and consideration toward females predominate.

Persistent homosexual dreams are, of course, an obvious warning. Sometimes the latent homosexual may not even be aware of the fact, and indeed be a "Don Juan" type who is constantly pursuing women without ever really enjoying any. One such husband, who neglected his wife almost completely but had a continuing string of new mistresses, was horrified by the fact that his sex dreams invariably involved men and boys. He should have taken those dreams—coupled with his inability to be potent with any woman after the first flush of conquest had passed—as a warning to consult a psychiatrist.

Zoo-erotic sex dreams, of course, need no comment; their meaning is clear. There are also auto-erotic dreams, such as of admiring one's nude body before a mirror, sex posturing before others, and self-stimulation involving all sorts of techniques. These dreams signify self-love or *narcissism*, and it is obvious that the man who is abnormally in love with himself cannot give normal love to a woman.

Waking thoughts, too, provide strong clues to basic sexuality. The Kinsey study lists no fewer than eleven types of erotic responsiveness which may indicate homosexuality, twelve which may indicate heterosexuality. Obviously, the frequency, intensity, and variety of these responses are of utmost importance; and it's only

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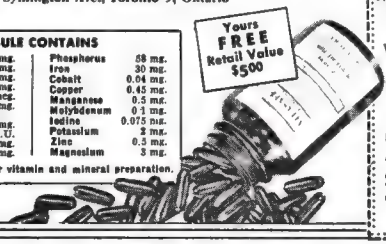

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the sum total that indicates tendencies.

Thus, indications of homosexuality may include frequent preoccupation with thoughts of one's own sex; excitation when observing one's sex (particularly when totally nude); a strong liking for erotic literature, art, stories, live entertainment, and dancing.

And indications of heterosexuality may include thoughts of and observation of the opposite sex; excitation by the opposite sex; plus the battery of other reactions noted above. *The important difference is in reactions to specific stimuli, such as dancing;* the homosexual may very well be enthralled by watching beautifully muscled men leaping and bounding about while the heterosexual will be enthralled by the torso and hip movements of the female members of the troupe.

From all the above, it should not be too difficult for any man of average intelligence to determine whether he is sexually frigid toward females, and if so, to what degree. Absolute honesty in self-analysis is, of course, mandatory if the truth is to be ascertained. It is, however, possible even for persons who are very ill physically to achieve such objectivity *if the will to do so is there;* otherwise they will merely lie to themselves. The director of one of America's largest private mental institutions, whose "guest-list" contains a multitude of famous names, once remarked, "Until they admit to themselves that they are sick, they can't be cured."

If frigidity is suspected, then the problem should be placed in the hands of a competent physician. Fortunately, both organic and psychic cure, or at least alleviation, are possible in many cases. And the importance of seeking proper treatment and cooperating in it to the fullest cannot be over-emphasized, for, in the words of the late famed Dr. Wilhelm Steckel, "I have never seen an impotent man who was happy . . ." ■ ■

SURVIVAL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Anchorage and Fairbanks runs the Territory's only railroad, and the only highway north of Anchorage. Beneath us was the terrible magnificence of the Range; a vast expanse of white which rose and fell, interrupted by jagged upthrusts of grey and purple rocks, and there wasn't a spot for a forced landing which wouldn't end in catastrophe. It was strictly bail-out country and I could imagine that a guy doing it would land feeling mighty lonely. I saw "The Sleeping Lady," a fog-shrouded mountain which is the graveyard of countless planes, and further north, Mt. McKinley, throwing a snow-veil off its peak and over its western slopes, which is the graveyard of unsuccessful climbers.

Beyond the Range we dropped down and flew over thick forests of spruce, aspen, and birch, and when it thinned out we could see Ladd AFB. As we circled to land, I saw, hanging motionless above the chimneys of the base heating plant, what looked like a junior grade atomic cloud.

"That's ice-fog," Major Cooper explained. "The heat and smoke from the plant rises, condenses, and freezes, just like the whole area does with sudden temperature changes. Some mornings you can't even see to roll out the planes, much less fly 'em. It can be a menace to Air Rescue operations. Plenty of times search planes, looking for a downed aircraft, will fog up the search area when the exhaust from their engines condenses and freezes. They literally fog themselves in."

We put up that night at Murphy Hall, named for an Air Rescue flier who flew out to save a man's life and disappeared himself. Alaska is full of such memorials.

The school is a long, one-story, frame building containing a large classroom, Arctic museum, and administration offices. Over the front door is a huge replica of the unit escutcheon: a shivering polar bear, rampant on an ice-floe, gingerly sticking a toe into the water. This is where the three-day classroom phase of the course takes place, with lectures by Capt. Bullington and his staff of hard-bitten sergeants who learned survival as pararescue men, paratroopers, or as instructors at some of the Air Force's other tough schools. The civilian technicial adviser to the operation is Elmo "Scotty Heatter," 41-year-old, ex-smoke jumper, rodeo rider, white-water canoeist, forest ranger, fish-and-game warden, trapper, and guide, and current survival expert and 100 per cent man.

The school was originally located in Nome, but was moved to Ladd to centralize things for the growing numbers of aircrews needing the training brought on by the tremendous increase in Arctic flying. Each year about 1100 Air Force, Navy and Army fliers go though the week-long course, and the instructors demonstrate techniques, explain whys and wherefores, and pound do's-and-don't's into their heads for three days, and then drop them out in the boondocks or on the sea-ice to make it stick.

"Somehow, knowledge alone deserts you when an emergency arises," the instructors will tell you, "but training and habit never will." And what a man will have to do in fifty-below temperature, equipped only with a few tools and implements, a parachute, and two days rations for a four-day test, is apt to make a lasting impression.

The classroom courses include pre-flight, in-flight, and post-crash procedures, how to construct emergency shelters, the wear and care of cold weather clothing, first aid, use of survival kits, improvising of equipment, fire-making, the construction of traps and snares, and how to make emergency signals. Nothing is overlooked as they identify edibles and poisons in the course of living-off-the-land, and you get finger-weary learning knots that can be tied wearing heavy gloves.

The instructors stress the dangers of panicking and giving up too soon, by such grim examples as the jet pilot who, lost at night with a malfunctioning radio, crash-landed in ceiling zero weather and fifty-below temperature. Unknown to him, he wasn't far from an airfield where a radar operator had his plane plotted on the scope, and, guessing he'd gone down, ordered searchlight-equipped helicopter from Air Rescue to start hunting. The 'copter crew found him, half an hour later, but what the jet pilot had been doing meanwhile had to be reconstructed from footprints, a cigarette butt, a gun, and the pilot's body. From this evidence it was deduced that the pilot had stepped out of his plane, walked around it a couple of times, trudged aimlessly off into the brush, then come back to sit on the wing, smoke a cigarette, and think things over.

Having done this, he apparently considered his plight hopeless. He then took out his .45 and blew his brains out, possibly fifteen minutes before Air Rescue arrived.

There were about ninety Army, Navy, and Air Force men of all ranks taking the course with me, and on the third day after the final class we were issued snowshoes, two day's C-rations, hatches, general purpose knives, sleeping bags, canteen cups, snare wire, pack straps, parachute canopies, and tarpaulins to pack all the preceding items in. Then we were formed into groups of eight, simulating air crews, and with an instructor acting as "jump master" we were taken on stake trucks as far as the road went into the boondocks. From here we walked through deep snows and winding trails until we'd gone half-a-dozen into increasingly cold and dismal terrain. Here our instructor, Sergeant L. L. Hochman, of Columbus, Kentucky, paired us off, and with a sweep of his arm said, "It's all yours. Now let's see you live a little."

My team-mate was John Vandegrift, of Orlando, Fla., a gusty, ex-Marine flier who shattered both legs in World War II and who now works in the information office of Air Rescue Service. He was my escort on this Alaska jaunt and insisted on coming with me through the survival training to take pictures.

Well, like the instructor said, it was all ours. Trees, snow, not enough food, and snow. First, build a shelter. One thing every airman has in the event of ditching or bail-out, is his parachute, which is the basis for most shelters. If he's injured and alone, or lands alone at night, his best bet is to get quickly to a tree-well, out of wind. Or he can construct a shelter simply by bending a willow to the ground, staking the top, draping the parachute over the bow, and anchoring the windward ends with stakes and snow. It is vital to take shelter against the wind because of the "wind-chill factor," which means that for every knot of wind it is minus two degrees colder. Thus, in twenty-below weather, in a fifteen knot wind, the effect is the same as fifty-below zero.

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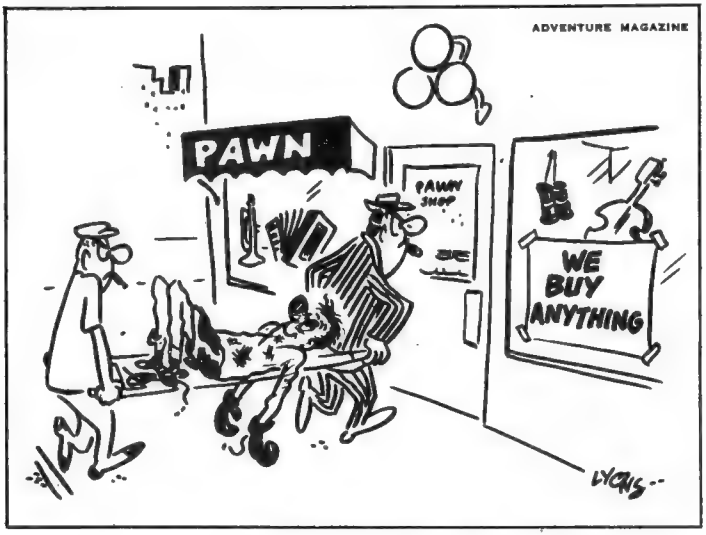

Our instructions were to build a paratepee, which meant that we had to take hatchets in hand and cut down eleven trees over a dozen feet tall, and trim them for use as poles. Three poles are lashed together at the top to form a tripod, and when they're set up, all but one of the remaining poles are dropped loose among the tripod ends to form a tepee framework, circular at the base. The standard parachute has twenty-four panels, and you cut out a fourteen-panel section to use as the tepee covering, using the remaining pole to elevate the chute, which is secured at each end of this pole. The bottom ends of the chute are staked in the snow, leaving several inches of air space beneath. Then the remaining ten panels of the chute are used to line the tepee. They're lashed to the poles halfway up, and buried into the snow at the bottom, thus sealing out drafts.

The air coming in beneath the outer panels is thus deflected upward by the inner suction, emerging at the point halfway up where it's lashed, and continuing on up through the top. This excellent flue permits you to have a fire in the tepee, which should be built on a raft of thick, green logs so that it won't sink into the snow. With the fire going you not only have shelter and warmth but also, because the nylon chute becomes entirely luminous, a signal that can be clearly seen at night from more than 5,000 feet.

The beds on which you're going to put your sleeping bag are made of spruce boughs, which are not, as the untrained may suppose, laid flat. The broken branch ends are jabbed deep into the snow at a forty-five degree angle, course after course, like shingles, until your 6 x 2 bed is complete. The boughs should be laid as close and thick as possible, so that no cold air creeps underneath. As Scotty Heatter advised in class: "When you think you've put in enough boughs, go out and get more. It's like making love to a widow—you can't overdo it."

By the time we got things squared away Van and I were about ready to fall on our faces. Night was on us and by six p.m. it was fifty below.

We crowded the fire, fighting the cold, and one man's boots caught fire. The northern lights put on a show, and every once in a while we'd hear their crackling thunder. Despite the fact we were exhausted from the tree-chopping and wood-gathering, no one wanted to go to bed very much. It wasn't an attractive thought, climbing out of these relatively warm clothes into an ice cold sleeping bag, but it had to be done.

This too, is part of survival know-how; peel down to your long-johns at night and air out your outer garments. Otherwise you'll sweat up your clothes and they'll freeze, for one thing, and for another, sweat will take the cold-resistance right out of certain materials. For similar reasons it's suicide to be a sloppy eater in a survival situation, because greasy food stains on byrdcloth, nylon, or wool will create an entry for cold as penetrable as a hole.

Van felt the minus fifty-six degrees cold that night a little more than the rest of us, though without complaint, for he had come up only a few days before from Florida where it was eighty-two degrees warm. Before another week was out he was to experience a total downshift of 158 degrees. After daylight it turned warm (according to the rest of the crew who'd all been stationed in the Territory for at least a year), as the temperature soared to twenty-eight below. Despite this biased observation we were instantly faced with the problem of getting wood for the fire, the exercise being as vital a part of the heating problem in a survival situation as the fire itself.

I died a little each time my hatchet bit into one of the lordly, but common, White birches, having only recently paid $50 for a birch one-tenth the size of the smallest of them for my Long Island home. After such exercise, our breakfast ration amounted to a big fat nothing, and when we began eyeing each other hungrily we decided it would be best to try to snare some game. Hunting was out, because the Survival School hadn't been able to equip us with the Hornet 410-22 over-and-under (12 gauge shotgun, .22 rifle combined) which is standard in aircrew Arctic survival kit. This kit, incidentally, is carried in the seat-packs of the parachutes.

But we did have plenty of the fine wire for snares, and we fanned out aboard our snow-shoes to look for rabbit runs. The snare most of us used was a simple one: a noose about four inches in diameter hung from four- or five-foot-long-piece of birch or aspen over a spot on the run where the rabbit wouldn't detour. When the noose tightened slightly around the neck he'd keep running, dragging the heavy branch behind until it snagged in the brush and strangled him. Before our four-day sojourn was over we'd caught a dozen of them to supplement our meager rations.

Len Hochman, the instructor, came back later in the day to see how we were making out. He asked Van and me to conspire in a plan to give the others some practical training: we were to leave the area "to shoot pictures" and on this jaunt I was to have an "accident" and Van to set up a holler for help. This we did, faking it so well that one of the crew threatened to slug Van for ghoulishly taking pictures of us and not helping. They carried me on a tarp, all of them on snowshoes, through a deeply drifted sluice more than half a mile back to the tepee. I've always been high on the Air Force, but this performance upped my esteem another notch.

Whenever Hochman appeared he shot randon questions about survival know-how at us to keep us sharp, and it was diversion from chopping wood, snaring, digging down into the sluice for ice, which is preferable to snow for the water supply, and shivering. On the third day he took us out into a natural clearing and left us to set up the best emergency signal we could. This was a competitive deal, against all the other "air crews," which were scattered widely throughout the boondocks, and it carried a reward: an Air Rescue helicopter would fly over, decide which crew had the most striking system of signals, and drop a two-day supply of rations to the winner.

We decided on the X-signal, stamping out a real capital type, with legs thirty yards long and five wide. The troughs we filled with pine boughs, small trees, and our tarpaulins with the blue sides up. The reverse yellow side is obviously for use against dark backgrounds, as in summer. After this was clearly set up we got to work feeling ten-to-fifteen foot spruces for three scattered fires, half-a-dozen trees to a fire, and arranging them like the tepee poles. Then we peeled off great swatches of birch bark, which is excellent tinder, got a lot of dead wood, and tossed it all amongst the trees. Next we fashioned

spruce torches by trimming branches and splaying the thick ends with our hatchets. These we set a light and waited until he heard the distant sound of the helicopter to put the torch to the trees.

We made what we thought was an unbeatable showing, but we didn't win. The winner was somewhere off to the north, for we saw the parachute with the rations descending.

"First time I've lost my lunch without having eaten," said Jim Snoddy drily. And hungrily.

The next day we broke up our tepees, and got ready for the long march back to the trucks.

My next objective was to go out on the sea-ice, north of Alaska, and experience living in a dome-shelter, commonly called igloo, in a survival situation. This wasn't on the curriculum, but Capt. Bullington said he'd send Scotty Heatter and Sgt. Leonard Layne, a native Eskimo who'd been personally decorated by Gen. Eisenhower for his work against the Japs in World War II, with me and Van if we could arrange transportation with Air Rescue. The Air Force doesn't "send" planes anywhere to accommodate civilians, but an SA-16 was scheduled to take some equipment to Barter Island a few days hence, and there would be room for the four of us.

While we were waiting I had an invitation to go on the daily routine polar flight with the 58th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron, whose B-29's are based at Eileson AFB. The next morning at dawn, I was down there. As we flew north across the snarling Baker Range and presently left Alaska behind, I kept looking at the grim, forlorn terrain below, thinking that here was an outfit that would have, in the event of crash or bail-out, a real survival problem.

Every day they fly almost to the North Pole to make the weather observations which they radio back for analysis by meteorologists to base their forecasts on. Around 3500 miles in seventeen hours, they fly, taking wind drifts, sending off dropsondes for pressure, temperature, and humidity reports, and seeing nothing below them but a vast expanse of sea-ice.

"What if you should go down" I asked Capt. Kenneth Scheffer, the pilot, of Morristown, Pa. "Or have to bail out?"

He shrugged. "You've got me there, mister. We just keep remembering that for the last few years we've got a 100 per cent record of mission accomplishment. That helps. Back in 1948 one of our planes disappeared and it was found in 1952." He grinned. "There planes are getting used up, but we're getting outfitted with B-50s any day now."

He changed course, as the navigator, Capt. Orlando Miller, of Sheridan, Wyo., requested it for a wind-drift reading. "We take precautions. We're only allowed to fly two hours beyond the point where we lose radio contact with Alaska, which sometimes happens quite early under certain atmospheric conditions. And we always fly the same tracks north—so if we're suddenly missing, Air Rescue knows along what route to look for us. If they find us, they can at least drop supplies, but—" Again he shrugged.

I looked down at the sea-ice, and from 18,000 feet it looked uninterruptedly smooth. "Hell, a Rescue plane could land just about anywhere there, couldn't it?"

Scheffer laughed. "Oh, brother! You should have a real close look at that mess down there!"

Two days later I did, when the SA-16 brought us to the airstrip at Barter Island, and we were transported by a Weasel three miles out onto the ice, and dropped for another go at survival. What had seemed so smooth from 18,000 feet was a wild jumble of long, hard drifts and pressure ridges which thrust thirty or more feet into the air. The ridges are created when great masses of sea-ice, separated by "leads," which are like rivers, are brought together by shifting currents. The ensuing, thunderous crash of billions of tons of ice hurls the contact area upward into a wild ridge of snow and ice resembling a mountain range.

The temperature was seventy-six below zero, allowing for the wind-chill factor, and the quick erection of a dome shelter drift as a quarry, two of us "mined" roughly 18 x 24 x 6-inch blocks with our snowsaws, while one carried them to Lenny Layne, the Eskimo, who laid out the foundation in a circle eight feet in diameter.

Only wind-driven snow, which cuts like insulation, can be used, and in that intense cold one block freezes to another instantly, as though cemented. The inward side of each successive layer of blocks is shaved top and bottom so that gradually the dome-shelter tilts inward, until only a small hole is left at the top. Into this is inserted the carrot-shaped key block. A few blocks have, of course, been left out of the foundation for the entrance on the leeward side, which is prevalently on the southeast, and a tunnel extension is added for a further windbreak.

We stayed there in two such two-man dome-shelters for thirty-six hours, and though it was cold, sleep was not impossible. Here we used spirit stoves to heat our rations, and there was a difference too, in the construction of signals. Since there is nothing dark, such as pine boughs, to line a signal, you build a wall of blocks along the legs of the X. This throws a dark shadow which is visible from the air.

When I returned to Ladd, I spent considerable time with Col. Reichert's 74th Air Rescue Squadron, who were constantly being called out to pull someone from peril. When I spoke to him this day, a search had just been called off in which Air Rescue, civilian bush pilots, air lines, and the Royal Canadian Air Force had spent almost 500 futile hours hunting a lost plane.

"The pilot of this light plane was flying

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a man back from one of these cat-trains —those big diesel tractor trains that supply the Dewline sites," Reichert said. "He went down somewhere in the uncharted mountains northeast of Eagle. The search is officially off—but everybody will keep looking. Especially the bush pilots. If someone's down, those boys give up their own time and buy their own gas to search. The next time it might be them."

The big enemies to flying in the Arctic, Reichert pointed out, are cold weather and lack of communications. Radio reception and transmission is often impossible with huge mountains blanking out everything. "The cold is a killer—not just of people, but of machinery. Metal parts fabricated in temperate zones will contract—maybe snap. Lubricants sometimes won't work. Fuels won't vaporize. Why, these bush pilots carry smudge pots they light up and leave burning—"Reichert shuddered at such unmilitary casualness —"right under the engines—with the gas tan tanks next door. They hood the engine with this fire underneath to get the gasoline to vaporize so they can get first combustion to get the engine going."

The big colonel gave a tolerant laugh. "There's absolutely no safety factor—but nothing ever seems to happen. I guess it doesn't because that would be a big, obvious mistake—and it's the small mistakes that seem to cause trouble up here. A guy on a compass course adds forty degrees deviation east, instead of subtracting it. And he's really lost, because he isn't anywhere near where his flight plan said he would be—he's on some line eighty degrees away from where he's supposed to be. So where do we look? Well, we looked where we're supposed to if things were right—and then we look everywhere."

The real sad situations, however, are the ones where a man is found dead simply because he didn't know the rudiments of survival. Reichert told story after story of civilians and service pilots who'd saved their small mistake for when they were on the ground, lost, not taking proper shelter, not caring, not making a signal, or making it badly.

The next day Rescue got a report that and army plane bound for Big Delta from Eagle was overdue. Reichert asked me if I'd like to go along on the search, and I did, climbing into the SA-16 triphibian, which soon was flying in the area of Eagle. This was the uncharted terrain where the previous long search had taken place, and I could see the wide tracks made by the cattrains which led up the Porcupine River and disappeared into the wilderness.

We flew low, we flew high, for hours, once fogging ourselves in as we dipped into a valley to investigate a dark object which turned out to be caribou. Then we got a message from another SA-16 which was searching; the downed plane had been found on an elbow of the Forty Mile River.

There, in as savage a section of terrain as you'll find in Alaska, the pilot and his crew had done a picture-book job of survival. His wrecked plane was brushed clean of snow, and stamped in the snow of the river was the signal, lined with dark boughs: *LLXF.* "All's well—unable to proceed—need food." And there was an arrow pointing to a stand of trees where the crew had taken shelter. The other SA-16 had already dropped supplies and a Gibson Girl radio and was in communication with the downed party. It had been sixty-two degrees below during the night but they'd been fine and warm in their tepee shelter.

We circled over them for two hours until an Army helicopter came along, picked them up, and brought them back to their base. "Those men made it look easy." Reichert said later, "and it can be." Later I spoke on the phone with the pilot and he informed me that just three weeks before he'd completed the Arctic Survival Training Course.

"That training," he said, throwing the ball right back to the instructors, "never deserts you." ■■

STREET OF THE DAMNED CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

He went down. Me—I caused it. Didn't I put my hands on him maybe he'd a stayed on his feet. Now you goin' to take me in or ain't you?"

"I ain't goin' to take you in nowhere, 'cept maybe to the morgue." The cop's face was red now. You could hear the sirens in the distance. He walked over to the drunk and grabbed him by the shirt front with one hand and the shoulder with the other. He shook the man like a rag doll. The drunk's teeth rattled and his long hair fell over his face. When the cop let him loose he went over to the curb by the dead man and vomited.

"Now you be a block down the street when that meat wagon gets here, or you'll be layin' alongside of old pops here."

The drunk weaved off down Third Avenue, racked with the dry heaves.

All this time not a person paid any attention to the proceedings. It didn't exist. Nor did the officer pay any attention to three drunks who had passed out on the side walk, one with his feet in the gutter where the bus could have run over them, and two huddled in vacant doorways.

I turned and went back toward Third Street where the Men's Shelter was.

Ever been on East Third Street in the Bowery? It's one of the filthiest places in the world. I felt then that the girl who had given me the note to the Shelter must never, have seen the place or its location, else she would never have sent me there.

I picked my way through them—they never move for you—and through the filth of the street 'till I stood in front of the Men's Shelter. It was a brown stone front that in years gone by must have been a hotel when New York was new. Now, trash poured out the main entrance. The windows were dead eyes of a fish on the beach in moonlight. And out of that entrance came a deluge of things you could have called human if your vocabulary was so limited that you had no better word for them.

I hesitated there for a moment, on the verge of turning back to the Third Avenue bus and Los Angeles. In that brief moment it passed through my mind that before I left New York I would look up that girl with the blue eyes and the blond hair who had looked at me so naively, and bring her down here to see this place.

All at once I realized what a fool I was. Here I was in the Bowery in an imported Italian silk suit, wearing $30 shoes and carrying two expensive brief cases. Their eyes appraised me like the eyes of a wounded owl and rested longest on my shoes. I became self-conscious, as though I were something on display in a window. I had no weapon of any kind and I felt the urgent need of one. The thought came to me that here every man was against every man; all men were enemies. It's a terrifying thought, because in normal life you're used to thinking just the opposite—

It's funny how things run through your mind. For me to tell it now on paper sounds as if I stood there an hour. Yet it was only a few moments. And one of the things that came to me, strangely enough, was the sudden remembrance of a girl on the bench right outside the Travelers' Aid Bureau. We had talked—like you'd talk with the pyramids along in the moonlight, never to be remembered, only that you had said something. We had a cigarette together. We even went down for an orange juice at Thompson's restaurant in the depot. Oddly enough, I had forgotten her until this moment.

In the midst of that rubble of humanity the memory of her came to me like a fresh breeze off a mountain top.

In the middle of my reverie, two men came out of the shelter and stopped in front of me.

Both were as miserably dressed as the others but these two had a certain light in their eyes that made you feel sort of kinship for them.

"Got an extra cigarette, Jack?" one of them said.

"I think so," I said, and gave them each a cigarette. They had no matches. I gave them matches. They inhaled deeply like men who hadn't had a good smoke in a long time. It pleased me.

"I'm Mike," he said. "This is Jim." He introduced his partner who was the speechless type. He just stood there looking at me like a homeless dog who has just been fed and had his head stroked gently.

I set my valises down and shook hands.

"Don't set those down 'less you've got 'em close between your feet, Jack," Mike said. "They'll be gone before you can turn your head."

He took another drag on the cigarette.

"You ain't goin' in there?" He indicated the shelter.

"I was planning to," I said.

"You got any more cigarettes, Jack?"

"I guess so," I gave him a package.

"You're a patsy," he said. "You'll come out of there with nothin' but your skin. Ain't you seen these mugs eyin' your clothes and your shoes? You close both eyes and you're a dead duck. You got a knife?"

"No."

"What the hell you doin' here?"

"I'm broke," I said, "No place to go."

"Take off that coat," Mike said. "Roll it up and put it in that bag."

"Why?"

"Because they'll pull it around your shoulders and you won't be able to move your arms. You got any money?"

"I told you I was broke."

"Ain't you even got sixty cents?"

"All I had was bus fare."

"Okay. What you got we can hock?"

I guess my eyes gave me away.

"Look, Jack," he said. "We're both dried out. We just got out of jail for a few days. We came here for a meal. Bein' sober I hate to see a guy like you clobbered. What you got we can hock?"

I took out my gold cigarette case.

"Could we get anything for this?"

"Maybe," he said. I'm goin' to get you a flop joint where you can lock up your stuff. There ain't no real hock joints in the Bowery. But I'll find a dealer."

"What do I do about getting it back?"

"You kiddin'? You want it back?"

"Certainly."

His eyes took on a suspicious look.

"I'll have some money in a few weeks," I said quickly. "I got to get a job or something. I have to live."

Yeah? You mean you ain't a lush? What kind of a job."

Any kind. What have you got here?"

"In the Bowery, Jack? You work for two bucks a day," he said, picking up my larger case. He handed the smaller case to his friend. "Here, you dumb bastard. Carry this. Don't let nobody snatch it. You do and I'll kill you. How'd I ever get hitched to a dumb bastard like you? Beats the goddam hell out of me."

Two dollars a day?" I said. Where do you work for that?"

"In the joints. A few hours a day maybe. Sweepin', cleanin'. You get sixty cents for sleepin', forty cents for eatin' and a buck for drinkin'. Okay?" We were moving down Third Street, away from the Shelter.

One of them was on either side of me—Jim on my right, Mike on my left. The sidewalk, such as it was, on the left; the street to the right. At the corner of Second Avenue a group was gathered, seemingly doing nothing, but if you observed closely you could see they were watching us like cats after mice.

"You stay in the middle, Jack," Mike said. "We ain't goin' to go through 'em. We'll keep to the street. See that tall son-of-a-bitch? If he makes a move I'll let him have it and you take off toward Third Avenue. I don't think he's goin' to do nothin', though, cause he knows I'm dried out and I'm just ready to kill that numb nuts. Don't move. Don't turn your head—it don't make no matter what they say. You dig me?"

"Yes," I said.

We made it to Third Avenue like walking on eggs. Then we turned south. At Houston Street we crossed the Avenue which is like making a death run, to the island in the middle then to the other side of the avenue.

"Keep your back close to some kind of wall," Mike said. "Unless you want a broken bottle in the back of the neck. Long as I'm with you ain't nobody goin' to touch you, cause I'll kill 'em an' they know it. But the minute I leave you get yourself locked up tight. And for Jesus sake, try to get some other clothes."

I should have paid some attention to him about the clothes. I forgot about it.

We walked down the opposite side of Third Avenue. Here were the women. Across the street were only men. We came to an alley. A woman stood just inside in a housecoat. She unzipped it.

"Hey, boys! Only a buck."

"Don't turn your head. Don't look." Mike said. "Her pimp's watchin' us. That's for sure. I got my eye out for that jerk with a few bucks in his kicker. He's a Jew with a straw hat. We'll hock that case of your's. Then I'll flop you."

"What do you get for this?" I asked.

"How about a jug, a pack of cigarettes

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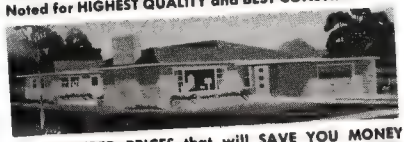

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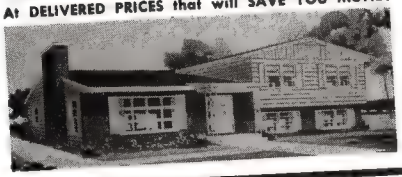

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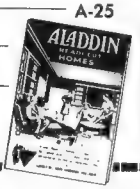

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and some matches? That okay with you?"

"Okay," I said "And how would you like a shirt?"

"I'll buy that," he said. "There's the jerk we been lookin' for. Gimme that cigarette case. Lemme do the talkin'."

Mike made a deal and we got six dollars for a cigarette case that had cost me sixty-five. I had to play the game.

"Where'll you be when I want it back?" I asked.

"You and Danny Kaye," he said. "It'll be sold by then. Ain't you the joker."

"I'm not selling it," I said. "I'm only hocking it."

"I ain't runnin' no hock shop."

"Okay, hold it and make a profit. That's what you're in business for, isn't it?"

"How much?"

"You gave me six I'll give you ten if you hold it."

"It's a deal. For three days. Right? But I ain't goin' to come across the street. The cops hit that side. I'll be here at Rivington and Third, ten o'clock Tuesday."

"Okay," I said, and Mike and Jim and I made the run back across the avenue.

We stood for a few moments on the east corner of Rivington and Third Avenue to divide the loot.

"We had six one dollar bills.

"What's my cut?" Mike said.

"One buck," I said.

"That'll just sleep us in tonight. What about the cigarettes and the matches?"

"That's included."

"Okay. But we ain't got no jug."

"I gave him another one dollar bill.

"Here, you bird brain." He gave the dollar to Jim. "Get across the Avenue and get us a fifth." He turned to me. "What're you drinkin', Jack?"

"Sherry," I said to him.

"Now listen, dummy." He was talking to Jim who hadn't said a word. "Go get us a jug of sherry. You understand? S-h-e-r-r-y." He spelled it out and Jim shook his head as though he understood. Then he took off across the Avenue, dodging automobiles and buses like a veteran.

Mike watched him down the other side of the Avenue.

"Look at the dumb son-of-a-bitch," he said. "He's going on past it. He's goin' to the joint in the next block. What the hell is the matter with that guy? Why the hell do I put up with him? Maybe when he comes back I'll kill him."

Jim finally returned with the bottle of sherry. I looked at the label. It was called Old 666. Pure California Sherry. Made in New Jersey.

Mike cursed Jim like no one has ever been cursed before. Jim was struggling to open the bottle.

"Here! Gimme that, you jerk! You can't even open a bottle." Then he turned on me. "You bastards need a nurse maid. And I ain't about to be one."

He calmed as suddenly as he had flared up. The bottle was open.

"You first," he said, handing me the bottle as if he were in a drawing room on Park Avenue.

I took a drink and my stomach turned upside down. Never, since the waterfront in Cairo, had I tasted anything like it. It was absolutely vile.

They both drank deeply. We were standing on the corner in plain view of everyone. A drunk came up to us.

"How's about a drink, pal?" he said.

"Go to hell," Mike said. "It ain't my jug." He put it in his hip pocket.

"I'm awful sick, pal," the drunk said.

"Drop dead," Mike said.

The drunk turned and staggered away.

"Give him a drink," I said.

"Give 'im hell," Mike said. "He ain't about to give you nothin'. Let me tell you somethin', Jack. There ain't nobody goin' to give you nothin' here, understand? Keep your back to the wall an' don't give nobody nothin'. Get it?"

My stomach was turning and I wanted to vomit so badly I would have agreed to anything.

"See that sign up the street?" Mike said. "Hotel?"

"Yes."

"It ain't no hotel. It's a flop house. You go there and tell 'em you want a locker. Put everything you got in the locker. Understand? Or you ain't goin' to have nothin' left in the mornin'."

"All right," I said, still trying to keep from vomiting.

"I'll see you right here at ten tomorrow morning."

He grabbed his friend Jim by the arm and they went north on Third Avenue. I never saw them again.

I made it to the curb and vomited that vile wine. I had forgotten his advice about my back to the wall. As I turned from the curb there was a fat man with a patch over his eye, carrying off one of my valises.

I jumped him, and threw him into the street. Rivington is a one way street going East. There was a wild honking of horns; a screech of brakes. A beer truck stopped. The driver got out and threw the man back on the sidewalk, like a sack of potatoes. I was to meet that man later. He was known as The Turk and was one of the roughest characters in the Bowery.

I picked up my valises and went on to the middle of the block to the hotel. Hotel is a good word. Have you ever been in a flop house? Sixty cents.

You take a building three or four stories and knock out all the walls. Then you build end on end rows of small cubicles just large enough for a cot and a metal cabinet. The whole place is surrounded by an eight foot high wall. There are double locks to the doors and a separate key for the metal cabinet. Everything goes in the cabinet or it will be stolen.

Most flop houses are about the same. There are decent showers and bathrooms on each floor. But you dare not go to them without locking your door and carrying the key with you. They're at the end of each hall, by the fire escape. On the way you watch carefully to keep from stepping in vomit or excretement. Yet, the next day the place will be clean. How they ever do it is a continuing marvel, because the only help they hire are the bums off the street.

I took a shower and forgot and left a shirt on the bed. When I came back it was gone. You can climb those walls with ease as I was to learn later. My first reaction was anger. But I was too tired to do anything, so I crawled into the sack.

About midnight I couldn't sleep any longer. The music was coming from some cafe on the corner. The Negroes across the street were playing music on recorders and dancing in the street. You couldn't

"One to a customer."

sleep if you wanted to. So I dressed and went out. The bars don't close until three.

The lobby was deserted so I kept my key in my pocket. I was drawn by that music in the cafe, and a colored girl entertainer almost as pretty as Lena Horne. It was the strangest rhythm I had ever heard. She kept singing the same tune with slight variations but making up the lyrics as she went along, and the five piece band followed her.

I went in and ordered a beer. The music sotpped. I felt the flesh crawling along the back of my neck. I thought I'd made another mistake. Then she came over to me at the bar.

"What you from, honey?" She had sloe eyes.

"Los Angeles," I said.

"What's you're name, doll?"

I felt like a fool yet I couldn't help answering her. All eyes were on me and the place was terribly quiet.

She smiled at me with teeth for a dentist's ad.

She turned to the band. "You got it boys? I'll give you the beat. We ain't had nobody here from Los Angeles in a long time." She began to sing and her whole body undulated.

"Ole man Thompson he ain't dead. He come back on a shoe fly's head.

"Let's live a little, live a little, live a little."

"You got it?" she asked the orchestra.

"I ain't got it," the drummer said.

"I'll give it to you once more," she said. "You better get it. Then we take off. Right?"

"Reet," he said and as she began to sing again the whole orchestra rolled. "I got it. Man, I got it! Sing out girl! Sing out!"

I ordered another beer and sat there, transported.

She kept up the same rhythm and tune, changing for the chorus which was always the same, "Let's live a little, live a little, live a little."

Then the saxophone player chimed in, "Ole man Thompson he ain't dead."

Then the drummer, "He come back on a shoe fly's head. Let her rip and let her roll. Sing out girl! I'm with it!"

And the girl was belting it out like crazy.

"Ole man Thompson he's a real wild guy.

"He comes in rollin' and he's rollin' high.

"Let's live a little, live a little, live a little."

This was a world I had never been in before. I guess they knew it. They put on a real show for me.

When she'd finished she came over to the bar, teeth all agleam hips swaying.

"You like it?"

"Better than anything I've ever heard," I said. I reached in my pocket and handed her five dollars. She gave it back to me.

"We don't take money, mister. You come back again, huh?"

"Okay," I said, and finished my beer.

"Come in anytime," she said. "It's just across the street."

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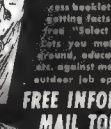

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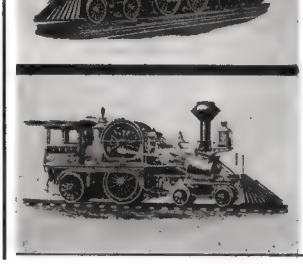

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"How did you know?" I was surprised.

"I saw you go down the street."

"So?"

"You don't belong here. What're you doin'?"

"Do I have to answer?"

"No, just come back when you feel like it. I'll sing you another song. Much better. 'Cause I'll think about it meanwhile. I'll see you again?"

"Yes."

As I walked out the place became as silent as when I had entered. Once I was on the street the music started again.

'Ain't he the guy you never saw before.

'Ain't he the guy you're goin' to see some more.

'Let's live a little, live a little, live a little . . ."

Again there was no one in the lobby. I walked up the three flights and went to sleep, the music in my ears; the people across the street still singing and dancing in the street, the bars still howling. It was not yet three o'clock, but I was tired and I went sound asleep.

The next morning I went down to the corner and waited for Mike. After an hour I gave it up and went to Furst & Sons for breakfast. They serve only food—no liquor. For fifteen cents you can get three doughnuts and a huge mug of coffee.

The bars were filled with men yelling and screaming drunk. They were dancing in the aisles and on the tables. The bartenders sat yawning. Drunks lay on the sidewalks, completely out.

As a lone cop come down the avenue someone would pass the word and it ran like a ripple in a pond . . . "That man . . . that man . . . that man . . ."

I roamed the men's side of the street, I went down the side streets and the alleys, I saw the drunks thrown out of the bars and into the gutter. I saw men beat each other half to death.

I went back to my flop house, checked out, and went to another one. It was about the same as the first. After three o'clock the drunks begin pouring in. I sat in the lobby and watched them.

The Bowery is the land of the soft cough. It is an island unto itself. It is a piece of Manhattan that lies like a cancer at the heel of the city. You get uptown and you can't believe that the Bowery exists.

I spent four days roaming the Bowery.

Meanwhile, I changed flop houses again and moved back to Rivington Street across from that fabulous Negro singer. She fascinated me.

That night I could not sleep. In the middle of the night I was awakened by shouting and screaming. I locked my door and went to the window fronting Rivington Street.

On the street, three floor's below, was the most amazing sight I had ever beheld. There was a Negro trying to pull another off the top of a car. The one on the top of the car kept shouting, "I'm nuts. I'm goin' more nuts. Ain't you goin' do nothin' for me?"

"Shore I am, boy," the first one said. "Get down often there 'fore I kill you."

"I'm goin 'more nuts. Ain't you my brother? What you goin' to let 'em do? Put me in Rockland? Ain't you goin' to help me?"

"Shore I am, but I ain't goin' to let no white man come an' get you. You's goin' with me. Get offen that car, boy, else I'm comin' after you. Understand?"

"I ain't movin'. I done gone out of my mind. Ain't you goin' to do somethin'?"

"Shore I am, boy. I'm goin' to beat you down off the top of that car. You hear me?"

"Ain't nobody goin' to move me."

"That right?" You just wait."

He went in the house and came back with a big leather strap, two inches wide. He began to beat the boy on the car.

I could see the boy had the D.T.'s. He was raving. As his brother beat him with the strap, he fell off the car, rolled under it, then got up and started across the street. His brother followed him, beating his legs with the strap.

"Get in the car, you miserable bastard. Get in the car, I tell ya. You want the meat wagon to pick you up?" He kept beating the boy around the legs.

At this point, the mother of the two boys came running out of the apartment house. She was followed by two small girls, perhaps nine and ten years of age. The older one kept shouting, "beat him; beat him, George!"

"Don't touch him again," the mother screamed.

George paid no attention. He continued to beat the boy with the strap. "Get in the car!" he shouted.

The younger boy staggered and fell. His head hit the front wheel.

The mother grabbed the strap from George and started to beat him with it. Suddenly she dropped it and knelt beside the fallen boy.

George stood by like a stricken ox. His face was bleeding from the strap whips.

The fallen boy lay by the front wheel of the car, practically cut to ribbons. The mother knelt over him moaning.

"You killed him! she screamed at the older boy.

"I didn't mean to." He was slobbering.

"They'll hang you! And I hope they do!

Meanwhile the older girl was still jumping up and down on the sidewalk and shouting "Beat him!, George, Beat him!"

The mother ran into the house George sat down on the curb and wept.

A few minutes later a police car and the ambulance came. George offered no resistance. As they put him in the car his mother screamed after him. "Hang him! Hang him!"

Then all was quiet on Rivington Street except for the music in the cafe. That girl was still belting it out.

"He hissed me hard,

An' he kissed me deep . . .

Let's live a little, live a little, live a little,

You little sons-a-bitches . . .'

Sunday is the oddest day in the Bowery. The bars don't open until one o'clock

in the afternoon and the people roam the streets in slow aimlessness, silent, like lost souls treading the corridors of time.

This day two policemen patroled the sector I was in, watching for any bootlegging going on before the bars opened.

The more foresighted inhabitants who had the money, had bought themselves a jug the night before, to tide them over this dry period. The less fortunate nursed their misery in silence.

Then the bars opened and there was a surge of people into them. They moved faster than they had all week.

One man stood on the corner and shouted, "All God's children live again!'

I elbowed my way into one of the bars and got close enough to order a beer. A man came just inside the door and struck a pose like an old fashioned orator, right arm upraised. He must have had a dozen drinks one after the other.

"I'm a very important man!" he shouted. "A very important man!" He turned and staggered out.

The next morning I awakend at about two-thirty a.m. I suddenly decided I had had enough. I was going to leave. Why that hour? I don't know. I should have waited till day light. As I dressed I heard voices in the hall. Someone said, "He's a lousy cop."

They had seen my honorary badge at the clerk's window when I picked up a Western Union money order from Los Angeles.

"I oughta kill 'im, the lousy snoop." I recognized the Turk's voice.

No weapons; no nothing. I dressed quietly then sat there and waited. It said three on my watch when finally their voices had faded and I slipped out down the stairs. Once more the lobby was empty, for which I was grateful.

I was on the street and headed toward Third Avenue. I thought I'd catch a bus or a cab there and get a hotel room uptown where I could get cleaned up. From there I would see my agent, catch a plane, a train, or a bus and take off.

As I turned the corner, past a deserted building, a bucket of water was thrown in my face and I was dragged off the street. I felt like I was being drowned.

Four men swarmed over me. Before they pulled my coat down around my shoulders I managed to get one of them and threw him over my head against the wall. Then they had me. And suddenly I was being kicked and beaten like I had never been beaten. When I came to they had taken all my money and one of my valises with the Western Union money order, my Italian cuff links my wife had made for me, and all my underwear.

I looked for a cab or a cop and couldn't find either. My wallet was in the mud. They hadn't taken that because there was no money in it.

I was God's angry man. I was so mad I couldn't see. I staggered back to the flop house with my one remaining valise. I was dripping wet and bloody. My ribs were kicked in. I could hardly walk. But I made it back to the "hotel." There was no one in the lobby.

With the most tremendous effort you can imagine, I made it up to the third floor where my cubicle was. I climbed up on the door knobs and looked into each room around me to see who was still sleeping there. Two of them were vacant. My anger rose.

I climbed over the walls and lit fire to the mattresses. Then I took a pillow, ripped it open and set fire to the feathers, which I scattered all over the sleeping drunks. There were wild screams as they came hurtling out of their holes. One of them wasn't drunk. He caught me at the head of the stairs and threw me down two flights.

I thought the end of the world had come, with my cracked ribs and all my kicks and bruises. Oddly enough, I managed to hold onto my valise. I reached the lobby in a stupor.

By that time the night manager was awake and everyone was trying to put out the fires I had started. I asked the manager to call the police and he only cursed me. He went running upstairs with a bucket of water for the fire. The clerk's place was locked.

The aroused drunks soon came pouring down the stairs, taping their knuckles as they came, ready to kill me. Among them was The Turk, limping slowly along, his belly protruding and murder in his filthy little eyes.

I had no choice. I took my hand and smashed it through one of the glass windows of the clerk's office. Blood spurted in all directions. I crawled through the broken window and called the cops. By that time The Turk was on me. I grabbed a jagged piece of glass and held it within an inch of his belly.

"Move another inch, you son-of-a bitch," I said, "and you've had it."

He backed off and sat down in one of the lobby chairs. The rest of the group had gathered there by now. They sat in chairs along one wall. One of the men had a base ball bat. They sat waiting like hawks over a chicken yard. I was bleeding. They were figuring I might fall over any minute. I was holding that piece of glass in my hand, my back to the wall, waiting for the police.

They finally arrived.

"I need to get to the hospital." I said, and told them my story.

"I'll call the ambulance," one of them answered.

I ended up in Bellevue Hospital where I stayed for a week. They treated me very nicely. And when I left I took off for Los Angeles, having had one of the wildest experiences of my life.

You will next hear from me on an around-the-world voyage of all the seas, both over and under them. I have with me a famous diver who will take me down to as much as two hundred feet. Over the land I will write about all the strange ways that people live. Until then . . . adios . . . ■■

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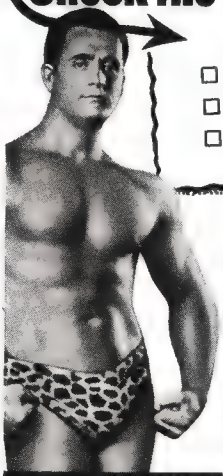

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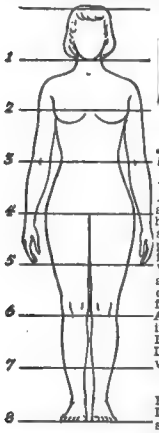

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THE DAY DEATH WAS HUNGRY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

in the third level, 200 feet below that, it was four or more feet thick, so that both of these levels could be worked profitably.

The workings were arranged somewhat like city blocks, with main streets offset by numerous "entries" leading into rooms, all forming a honeycomb effect that left sufficient support for the weight above. Some of the major tunnels were as much as fourteen feet wide and seven feet high, while a few of the meandering passages that followed the thickest deposits of coal were thousands of feet long.

Miners working in their rooms loaded coal onto mule-drawn cars that ran on tracks in the tunnels. Two mule-barns, capable of stabling sixty mules each, were on the second and third levels respectively, at about half way between the main shaft and the ventilating shaft.

Due probably to the mine's newness, a peculiar system was in effect for getting coal to the surface. The main shaft had been put down to the bottom of the mine, but had never been used below the seccond level, being stopped at that point by a temporary floor. Coal was brought up from the third level to the second level by a hoist in the ventilating shaft, then transferred on cars through a wide connecting tunnel to the main shaft, a distance of about 300 feet, and from there hoisted to the surface. The cage in the ventilating shaft never traveled above the second level. The ventilating shaft itself, was divided vertically by a wooden partition, one side serving for the downflow of air and the other side for the hoist and also as an emergency escape shaft. A narrow stairway, little more than a ladder, ran from the bottom of the mine to the surface, up this escape side.

In the main shaft were two steel cages with their cables attached to opposite sides of the hoisting drum, so that when one was ascending, the other was necessarily descending. There was of course only one cage in the ventilating shaft.

On the day of the fire, 484 men were at work in the mine; 303 on the second level and 181 on the third. Shortly before noon a carload of six bales of hay for the third-level mulebarn was sent down the main shaft. Since traffic happened to be heavy in the big second-level tunnel connecting the two shafts, it was temporarily shunted aside to permit coal cars to pass.

Just how the fire started is not clear. Generally it is believed that as the hay-laden car was pushed out of the way, the hay struck an open torch attached to a low beam, and was ignited. At any rate, it was not noticed immediately, and of course tightly baled hay does not burn rapidly. About one-fifteen p.m. two men, Robert Deans and Alexander Rosenjack, smelled smoke and investigated, finding the smouldering hay. They tried to beat it out with their jackets, but it still smouldered. At about the same time several men due to take the cage up at one-thirty p.m., came along the passage and asked if help was needed. The reply was "No." They continued on to the main shaft, were hoisted to the surface, and went home, completely unworried.

Meanwhile, the smoke pouring from the hay increased rapidly. Several men started for the second-level mule stable, which was located in a big room off the tunnel a few feet away, to get water, but were driven back by smoke. It was finally decided to push the car to the ventilating shaft and dump it down into the sump at the bottom of the mine, where there was a hose and the men below could put the fire out. The men on the third level were notified of this plan and they agreed that it was a good one. The car was then dumped down the shaft, and the burning hay was quickly extinguished.

At this time the situation seemed so innocuous that two more loads of coal were hoisted from the second level to the tipple. Soon, however, heavy smoke, driven by the fan above the ventilating shaft, began pouring through the big connecting tunnel. The dust-laden pine timbering and partitioning in the ventilating shaft had caught fire as the carload of burning hay was dumped down, and the forced draft was doing the rest.

Men on the third level looked up the airshaft and saw flickering flames. In the alerted areas the dread shout began to be heard, "The mine's afire!" Down the long tunnels it was caught up and relayed along again and again. On both levels, a scramble for the hoists began.

To understand what happened now, a brief explanation of the ventilating system and hoist-signal system is necessary.

The fan was of very large capacity and reversible; capable of either blowing an immense volume of fresh air through the tunnels or sucking out an equally immense volume of foul air, but not of doing both at the same time.

The signaling system was of a sort that could not be operated from inside the cages; once men were inside the cages and the cages were in motion, they were completely isolated insofar as communication with the hoisting engineer was concerned. The signaling device itself consisted of a bell-and-hammer in the engine-room, about 100 feet from the mouth of the shaft, connected by an airtube to the second level landing, where the tube was affixed to a hand-operated air pump. Each downstrike of the pump handle rang the bell once.

With such an arrangement, the signals could not be very complex. Thus one bell meant either "Hoist" or "Stop," depending on whether or not the cages were in motion at the time. Two bells means "Lower." Three bells meant "We are entering the cage." Four bells meant "Slow," either in hoisting or lowering. And so on.

The pumphandle was located just outside the shaft. Thus, when a group of men was coming on, one of them might signal three bells to prevent the cage from being moved while they were entering, then four bells, and finally, after all but

himself were aboard, one bell. Then he'd jump aboard.

On the third level, men poured from the tunnels and crowded around the cage. Frantic signals to the surface brought no response; probably the airhose was already burned through. So the men started scrambling up the ladder-like stairs, although they could see the fire above being driven down the shaft by the powerful fan. No more than a handful of them managed to get up to the second level, where the smoke and flame were already intense. They were singed, smoke-grimed, and exhausted by the climb, but with the assistance of second-level men, including John Bundy, the mine's superintendent, they got through the connecting tunnel and to the surface via the mainshaft hoist. A few seconds later Bundy dropped dead of overexertion.

The fire from the airshaft was rapidly being forced into the connecting tunnel, advancing along the tunnel toward the main shaft. Somebody above ground then ordered the fan reversed, and this cut down the fire and smoke in the connecting tunnel for a time, but it also turned the upper part of the airshaft into a roaring furnace. In a short time the supports of the fan burned away and it crashed down the shaft into the heap of bodies.

With the first appearance of smoke at the mainshaft the entire population began to congregate at the main shaft mouth. At that time coal was still being brought up, and there were angry shouts of "Leave the coal; hoist the men." One of the first men brought up was a miner named Richards, who broke the ominous news that there was a carload of dynamite in the connecting tunnel; on its next round trip this same car brought up the explosive, averting one hazard. Thereafter, only men were transported from the second level to the surface.

As a cageful of rescued men was brought up, another cage containing fresh rescuers went down. In one of the first of these was company physician L. D. Howe, who called for volunteers who knew mine hazards. Among those who volunteered were not only miners but such men as storekeeper Flood, the postman, and the grocer. All were men with good lungs.

As time went on, the horror in the connecting tunnel increased. It was soon filled with smoke and crawling with flame, as well as swarming with miners who had emerged from their rooms and were fighting to reach the shaft.

Many who had given up hope lay on their faces, weeping. Mingled among them were dead and dying mules. There was no light save that from the burning timbers, and even that light was obscured by the thick smoke. Dr. Howe could identify objects he stumbled over as human only because they felt soft when he kicked them.

Almost overcome by smoke, miner John Phillips emptied his tobacco sack and used the drawstrings to tie it over his nostrils. Crawling between the rails where the air was least foul, he managed to reach the cage alive. William Vickers, also crawling between the rails, passed about sixty-five miners sitting side by side "almost in a stupor." He tried to rouse them to go on but they "did not stir." Jimmy McGill, a trapper boy, who was trying to escape with his father, collapsed crying, "Go on, Pa; leave me here." The father dragged the boy almost to the cage, then collapsed; he still had strength enough to cry for help. Both were rescued.

There were many acts of great heroism. A man named Vickers continued to hold a lantern at a turn in the passage until he felt himself fainting; he hung the lantern on a nail and then collapsed. He heard a voice saying "Take my hand, brother." He grasped the hand, and the next thing he knew he was at the surface. Dr. Howe made seven round trips; on the last one he collapsed as he left the lift, but he was quickly revived. He was not allowed to go down again; instead he was told, "You will be needed more at the top."

About three-thirty p.m. the last rescue cage went down. There were fourteen men inside, including Alex Hourberg, one of the vein managers, who, on a previous descent had dragged four unconscious men into the cage and then flung himself, half-fainting, in beside them. At the time nobody suspected that it would be the last rescue cage, for a ghastly horror of misunderstanding was in the making.

At the bottom, the rescuers separated into two parties and started in opposite directions to search for the still-living. In the engine room on the surface the engineer, John Cowling, waited for the signal to hoist. Finally it came—Four bells to hoist slowly. Cowling started to bring the cage up, and then came another signal—one bell to stop. Immediately it was followed by two bells to descend. Then came another signal to hoist.

This series was repeated twice, the last signal received being to stop. Completely bewildered about what was going on below, Cowling obeyed it as he had obeyed the others; to obey the signals was his job. Slowly, minutes passed. "Lift the cage!" the crowd was demanding. Eight minutes, then ten, passed. The longest time between ascents before had been six minutes.

A solid wall of angry miners and their wives now confronted Cowling. "Hoist the cage," they demanded, "if you know what's good for you." He complied.

When the cage reached the surface, a low moan rose from the crowd. Its metal was red hot. Inside were the bodies of twelve men, all of whom had been roasted alive. Among them were several of the fourteen rescuers who had just gone down, including Alex Nourberg, and several who had been below when the cage descended.

So far as could be figured out afterwards, what had happened was this. A rescue party had brought back several men, gotten them into the cages and had signaled for the ascent. The ascent had

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"All of you, scram!"

begun when another man managed to reach the shaft and signaled the cage back down again. He had signaled the second ascent when another man arrived and brought the cage down the third time. Again it had started up when a third arrival had signaled it to stop. That had been the last signal before the long wait. By that time, probably all of those in or outside the cage were incapable of working the signal pump any more.

The mouths of both shafts were now belching smoke, interspersed with tongues of flame. Nobody could go up or down. It was decided that the only recourse left would be to seal the mine and cut off the drafts that were feeding the fires. Perhaps some of the men in the remoter parts of the mine might be able to survive until the fire was smothered.

The shafts were covered over with steel rails and heavy planking, topped in turn with sand, on which hoses played water. It was then about five p.m. Only about seventy men who had been below at the time the fire started had been brought up alive.

Meanwhile, grim and terrible events, yet, amazingly, not all of them lethal, were occurring far below. Two of the rescuers who had gone down and had failed to return were assistant mine manager George Eddy, and night foreman Walter Waite. They had gone deep into the mine and tried to bring several men back to the shaft. But the smoke grew too heavy, and ahead they saw three mules drop dead. They turned then and led the others away from the shaft, to a recess where they hoped they could at least postpone death from fire or smoke for a while. Shortly afterward, two more men who had almost reached the main shaft but had been driven back by the furnace-like heat, joined them. What happened to these twenty-one men will be told a little later.

Similarly, another group of ninety-two men trapped in the bottom of the mine, waded a long distance through water up to their waists and with the roof sometimes only inches above their heads, until they reached a ledge where they decided to sweat it out. Among them was young Sam Howard, who had planned to marry Mamie Robinson on Christmas Day. To while away the grim hours, Sam Howard started making entries in his diary . . .

By Sunday morning the town swarmed with mine and government officials, plus scores of reporters. One of the shafts was opened in the hope of sending rescue workers down, but the fire flared up immediately and the shaft was hastily closed. Mine Inspector James Taylor announced hopefully, "It was apparent that the fire had not penetrated deeply into the mine . . . in the deeper, further recesses of the mine it is probable that there may be oxygen enough to keep the men alive . . .

At this information many wives of trapped men went crazy with joy.

On Monday the tension was increased still further by a new development. A Polish farmer named Winolichie declared that he had heard the sounds of dynamite explosions deep underneath his farm, which was over part of the mine. "There are men alive down there," he insisted. "They are signalling for help." Other farmers declared that they, too, had heard muffled explosions from deep underground.

A human explosion appeared imminent. Crowds swarmed about the mine, threatening to open it by force. The authorities refused to open the mine, holding that even if any men had survived for a few hours they were now surely all dead. Two companies of state militia arrived to enforce order. They guarded the roads leading into and out of town, padlocked the saloons, patrolled the streets, and kept a twenty-four-hour-a-day guard over the mine.

In anticipation of the worst, six carloads of coffins were shipped from Chicago. Near the main shaft a circus sideshow tent was erected to serve as an impromptu morgue. The national director of the Red Cross arrived with $100,000 to allocate for the emergency relief of widows and orphans.

Cautious testing of conditions below went on almost continuously at the two seals. By Wednesday, temperatures inside the shafts were low enough to permit entry. Wednesday evening, while a vast crowd watched in the flickering glow of torchlights and lanterns, the first investigators were lowered in a steel bucket. They wore oxygen helmets and carried fire-fighting chemicals and disinfectants.

Many descents were made over the next thirty-six hours. Fire was found at the bottom of the ventilating shaft and was extinguished. Bodies were brought up in buckets, wrapped in canvas, and taken to the improvised morgue where they were laid out in long rows to await identification. All were hideously bloated, while many were charred by fire, smashed by falls down the ventilating shaft or by the collapse of timbers and rock.

At first, bodies were brought up fairly rapidly. But after the great piles of dead in the connecting tunnel and at the bottom of the ventilating shaft were cleared away, hours sometimes passed without a single body being recovered. After all, there were many miles of tunnels in the St. Paul Mine . . .

It was an eerie search. The masked men were equipped with automobile horns, which they honked hopefully as they went along. But, until Saturday afternoon — almost exactly a week after the fire—they found no living person in the mine.

Then a searcher was amazed to see eight emaciated, grimy figures emerge into his torchlight. Among the eight were Gorden Eddy and Walter Waite. And they said that twelve more men, too weak to walk, also awaited rescue.

What had happened was this. Of the original twenty-one in their party, one had tried to find his way out by himself but had been killed by black damp. After black damp began creeping into the refuge they had found, Waite led the remaining twenty to a tunnel about 500 feet long, nine feet wide, and five feet high, located some 3,500 feet from the fire. There they constructed a barrier of everything usable —coal, stones, even empty dynamite kegs. They made it tight by stuffing the crevices with their own clothing and plastering it all over with damp mine dust.

How these men lived is a miracle, for enough black damp seeped in to extinguish their oil lamps, and previously it had been supposed that no man could live in air so permeated with the deadly gas.

They had suffered severely from cold, hunger, and thirst. Their lunches, plus a little lard oil or "miner's sunshine," had soon been consumed. The only water they had was a slight seepage from the walls, thick with coal dust, which they collected

in little depressions they hollowed out in the tunnel floor. The total seepage they were able to collect amounted to less than a pint per man per day. So that this water might be divided fairly among the twenty, they went in turn to the depressions, at equal intervals apart, and licked them completely dry.

In the darkness one man crept to the depressions out of his rightful turn and licked up the seepage, expecting to sneak back to the others undetected. But he lacked strength for the return trip. When the man rightfully in turn arrived at the first depression and found it dry, he felt around and found the culprit. "If I had a knife I'd stick it into you," he croaked. The culprit said nothing; he was too weak. Thereafter, the others guarded him, although they still allowed him to drink whenever his turn came around. This was the man whose name was never revealed.

With the finding of the twenty alive on the second level, hope revived that more might be found alive in the bottom of the mine. Nine days after the fire, two searchers on the third level, after wading through waist-deep water, found the men who had taken refuge on the ledge. All were dead. Before he died, Sam Howard had made copious entries in his diary, including the following extracts:

"We had to come back. We can't move front or backward. . . . What is a fellow going to do when he's doing the best he can? . . . Alfred, my brother, is with me yet. A good many dead mules and men. . . .

"If I am dead give my ring to Mamie Robinson. The ring is at the post-office. I had it sent there. Henry Caumicent can have the ring I have home in my good clothes . . .

"Our lives are going out. I think this is our last. We are getting weak . . ."

Searchers planned to continue their work the next morning, but they discovered that fires had started up in various places in the coal itself. Again the mine was sealed, this time with concrete caps over the shafts. Although anger ran high in the community, there was actually not even a billion-to-one possibility that anyone still remained alive in the mine. To make certain the fire was completely extinguished, the caps were allowed to remain in place for many months.

Including John Bundy, who had collapsed and died while working as a rescuer, other rescuers who had gone down into the mine and had not returned or had been hoisted up, burned to death, and those who were trapped in the mine, 259 men perished in the St. Paul Mine or "Cherry Mine"—as it is better known—disaster. There was a thorough coroner's inquest, plus various investigations. No one outstanding cause was found for the fire, or for the horror in the mainshaft cage; rather, combinations of insignificant causes for which no specific individual could be severely censured. It was not the fault of the mine owners that a carload of hay was casually shunted where it had never been intended to go; it was not the fault of Cowling that the cage was not brought up before the men in it were roasted alive; and so on.

Nevertheless, this disaster pointed toward new improvements in mine safety, such as signalling devices in the cages and better fire-prevention measures. It is safe to say that its like will never happen again, at least in this country. For that reassurance, we may all be grateful. ■ ■

WILD KID CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

opened his mouth as if to say something. Apparently he thought better of it, and turned away.

"What is it?" Pop asked him.

"Pop, I don't like it. I mean, when Mac thought this up it sounded pretty good." Then Bill stopped buttoning his jacket. He looked at Pop. "Why don't you stay out of this?" I mean it. So we don't get as many drill-bits without you. Let us do it our way. Your coming along isn't going to stop me, if that's what you're hoping."

"For crying out loud!" Mac Slatt said.

Pop shook his head. "You're outvoted, Bill."

Mac Slatt said, "Now, look. It's fifteen minutes till nine and that weather is not getting any better. We should have been out there an hour ago. So let's get on the road. We don't have all night."

Pop said to Bill, "Im going down to the hotel and get into something warmer. I'll be back here with my pick-up truck in fifteen minutes. You can wait that long."

Bill said nothing, but Mac Slatt said, "Okay, Mister Haynes—nine o'clock. And hurry."

Pop shoved out the door onto the slick sidewalk where street lights made target-colored circles in the sleety air. He did not feel very elated. The way Bill had looked at him. Bill was plenty proud of Pop, he knew that. Pop had been a roughneck and a driller for thirty-seven years, and he was all man—all honest man. He bowed his head against the sleet and trudged to the hotel.

At one minute before nine Pop pulled his rattling, red pick-up into the alley behind the pool hall. He went through the back room domino parlor, warm and bright and noisy, into the pool room. It was dim. It was always dim. Except for the front table, where Bill and Mac were playing, the place was empty. Pop waved at Bill. He and Mac hung their cues on the wall and grabbed their jackets. Pop led them back to the alley.

He drove out to the highway carefully. The sleet was beginning to slacken now, but the road was glazed with ice. The pick-up had no dashlights and no heater. Although it was very cold in the cab, Pop kept his window down about five inches. The freezing wind whipped through the cab.

"For c-crying out loud," Mac Slatt said. "Roll up that pneumonia-hole." He hunkered forward over an imaginary heater in the floorboard.

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Pop flexed his pink hands on the steering wheel. "Uh-uh. Busted muffler. You don't want to get carbon monoxide poisoning, do you?" He allowed himself a little grin. This was not going to be such a bad night after all.

"The first thing you got to learn about hustling bits is that you don't go out on a pretty night. You might run into a Tool Company man. You either go out late or when the weather is lousy. It might save you embarrassment."

"Well, it's lousy now," Mac said.

"What's the matter? Doesn't that triple layer of blubber keep the cold out?" Pop eased a mouthful of brown juice out the window.

Mac shot him a dirty look. He did not like Pop anyway, and he especially did not like being called fat. "You dried-up little hypocrite," Mac mumbled.

Bill shot the fat man a quick glance. Probably Mac was kidding, but this was no way to joke. After a few seconds, when he neither met Bill's eyes nor repeated the statement, Bill looked away. He was still frowning. He did not like this strain between Mac and Pop.

Nine miles out on the highway Pop slowed the pick-up down. They turned north on a dirt road, toward the big flat-top mountain which was visible in the flickering lights of gas flares.

"Which rig do you work on?" Bill asked.

"Three miles east of here. You can't see it yet. Remember, you made a deal with Red Jackson to pick up some drill-bits." Pop, slipping the machine into low gear, nursed it carefully down the hill. They approached a rig on the left.

"Maybe we better skip Red Jackson," Bill said.

"For crying out loud," Mac said. "He told us we could have twenty bits if we'd come and get them."

"Well, it just doesn't look good," Bill said. "I mean, after all, it's the same rig Pop works on, and what with Red being Pop's relief driller—besides, you know Red doesn't like Pop. It just doesn't look good."

"Looks fine to me," Mac said, "at six bucks a drill-bit. It looks real fine."

"Well, I guess it would look all right to you," Pop said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean it's pretty sorry but I guess it looks all right to you. It would."

"I don't think I like that, Mister Haynes."

"Bill," Pop said, "Mister Slatt doesn't think he likes that. What's the matter with your fat friend?"

"All right, Haynes, I'm getting tired of that."

Bill threw up his hands. "Now look, you men: we're partners. So let's act like partners. We came after drill-bits. And remember, Pop, we can do this without you."

Mac Slatt, his lower lip swelling out, subsided. "Okay, but keep your old man off my back."

"I don't think I like being called partners with this tub of guts," Pop said.

Mac Slatt stiffened. Leaning forward and twisting to the left, he crowded across Bill and shoved his face near Pop's. He tapped on Pop's chest with a stubby forefinger. "Look, Haynes, I'll telling you for the last time to lay off that. Get off my back!"

Bill, cramped between, wiggled to get his shoulders free. Then, with one hand on Mac's face and one hand on his chest, shoved him back to his own side. "Now *I'm* the one that's getting tired of all us," Bill said. "You can keep your fat hands off my Pop and keep your fat mouth shut till you learn how to talk respectful."

Mac relapsed into sullen silence.

Pop Haynes let the barest flicker of a smile crease his face. He pulled the pick-up to a stop fifty yards from Ed Jones' rig and cut the lights off. After getting a bottle from under the seat he started across the frozen ground toward the drilling-rig. Bill and Mac waited in the pick-up. Pop said he wanted to do the talking. Ed Jones was his friend, he said, and he wanted to let him down real easy.

In a few minutes Pop was back again, knocking on the window. The news was good. Ed said they could take a half-dozen. Just don't tell where they got them. While they were loading the drill-bits into the pick-up, Ed, a short, very stocky man with a beet-red face, came to the edge of the rig floor and looked down at them. "Remember!" he yelled to Pop. "If you get caught, don't tell nobody where you stole them."

"Don't say 'stole'!" Pop yelled back to him. "'Hustled,' dammit. My boy's here."

"Oh," Ed said. He looked at Bill, then back to Pop. "Look, Pop Haynes, don't get mad at me for asking, but is there anything I can do to help? I mean, like you got money-troubles . . . ? Anyway, if there's anything I can do, you just holler. Okay?"

"Thanks, Ed."

"You're okay, huh?" Ed glanced uncomfortably at the pile of bits, then at those in Pop's pick-up, and finally back to Pop again. "If it's money . . ."

"Sure, Ed. Thanks."

Shrugging, Ed turned and left. He went back across the floor between the roaring diesels to the doghouse. And Pop, who had been too engrossed in a drill-bit to meet Ed's eye, straightened. He was very embarrassed. "That Ed . . ." he said. "He sure is a good guy."

"Come on, Pop," Bill said. "Let's get away from here. You're five times more of a man than Ed Jones ever was. He didn't have to be like that. So cotton-picking superior."

"Ed is a nice guy. You heard him."

"Well, he didn't have to rub it in."

Pop drove by the next two rigs without stopping. At the third he parked in the shadows behind the doghouse. Again, telling Bill and Mac to wait, he climbed the metal stairs to the doghouse alone. He was inside barely five minutes when the door swung open and Pop clattered back down the stairs. He walked straight to the pick-up and got in.

"Well," Mac Slatt prodded hopefully. "How many?"

But Pop just sat slumped, staring at the steering wheel, his leathery face working as he chewed something imaginary. Casting one more look at the closed door to the doghouse, Pop, without a word, clicked on the ignition. The pick-up roared. Backing around in a careless arc he slammed into a guy-wire. Then he clanged it in low gear. The pick-up, spinning rubber on frozen ground, fish-tailed, then leaped forward. They started for another rig.

"What's the matter, Pop?" Bill asked, his voice tight.

"Nothing," Pop said. "Nothing is the matter. John didn't have no extra bits, that's all. Some rigs don't."

"What did he say to you?" Bill asked. His face showed very white under his red hair. Even his freckles seemed bleached.

"He said he didn't have no extra bits."

"He insulted you, didn't he, Pop!" Bill's anger was still rising. "He called you a thief—a bit-thief. What else did he say?"

"Well, forget it," Pop said. "We should do okay at this next rig. Oliver Keats is my domino-playing partner. He'll fix us up fine."

"We got enough bits," Bill said. "Let's go to town. Mac and I can come back tomorrow night."

"Are you kidding!" Mac Slatt exploded. "We got six bits. Six measley bits, and for that I freeze my fool self to death."

"Ollie Keats will fix us up," Pop said.

"It was four miles to Keats' rig. The road was familiar to Bill and Pop because, before Bill had gone to the army and before the oil-boom, Pop used to bring Bill over it hunting rabbits with a .22-rifle. And in the fall of the year they came dove-hunting here. Their favorite dove-hunting location was a stock pond, shallow and muddy and half-hidden among the mesquites, only a few hundred yards from Ollie Keats' rig.

Pop, seeing Bill strain his eyes through the darkness as they passed the little turn-off road, said, "It's still there, Bill. You'd think that with all this well-digging it'd be dried up now. But it's still there."

"Any birds?" Bill asked.

"I didn't go hunting this year. First time."

"There's still a week of dove season left."

"Let's go out Sunday," Pop said.

"Let's do," Bill said.

Then they broke into the clearing around Ollie Keats' rig. And they forgot the rabbit-hunting and the dove-hunting, remembering only the drill-bits. When Pop got out of the pick-up Bill came out the other door and walked around.

"You stay here again," Pop said.

But when Pop started up the stairs to the doghouse Bill was behind him. "*You* stay here," Bill said. "Let me try this time. Save Ollie Keats for your domino-playing."

"I know Ollie," Pop said. "It's better if I go."

"That's why it's better if *I* go. He doesn't even have to know you're in this. You just stay back out of sight. Let me talk to him."

"But he still knows you're my son." And Pop went into the doghouse, leaving Bill standing on the bottom step. This time he was inside barely two minutes when the doghouse burst open and he staggered out backwards. Coming down two steps, he stood looking at the open door. Then Ollie Keats framed himself in the rectangle of yellow light.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Pop Haynes! Ollie Keats shook his fist. "A man of your age and your reputation stealing drill-bits! Of course I ain't going to give you no bits! They ain't mine to give, you know that." Suddenly Ollie stopped. He saw Bill standing on the bottom step. Ollie peered, as if not believing what he saw. "Pop Haynes," Ollie said, "I still can't believe it. And bringing your own boy into it. And him always such a good boy." Then, just as suddenly as it had opened, the door slammed shut again. Ollie was gone.

"Well," he said, "we didn't do so good here," Pop mumbled.

Suddenly Bill lunged by him up the stairs. But Pop, just as quick, caught Bill by the tail of his orange and black football jacket.

"Leggo," Bill said, straining toward the doghouse door.

"Take it easy, Son. You don't know Ollie Keats like I do. That's just his way of talking. He don't mean all that."

When they got back to the pick-up Mac Slatt was inside with all the windows rolled up, blowing his fog-breath on the windshield and making pictures in it. "Nice going," he said when Pop jerked open the door. "Real nice going."

"Shut up," Bill said.

"And you were the guy who could guarantee us a hundred drill-bits. Nice going, Mister Haynes."

"Shut up," Bill said again.

"Well, where to now, hustler?" Mac asked Pop.

"I think that now would be a good time to see Red Jackson," Pop said. "I think that now is a very good time."

"That's right," Mac said. I got him set up for twenty bits."

Bill looked at Pop. "Not Red Jackson. We don't need his bits."

"Don't worry about Jackson," Pop said. "Me and him are better friends than you think. We just like to rawhide each other, that's all."

"That's not all. He's not your friend."

"Well, we're not actually enemies."

"Then what are you?"

"Well, Son . . ." Pop hesitated. "Before Red got to be a driller he worked for me. Roughnecked. But me and him had a little run-in, and I fired him. I caught him stealing tools."

Even Mac Slatt had nothing to say.

After a short silence Pop, feeling the need to say something, remarked, "Uh, I still don't think there's any need to

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feel hard toward Ollie Keats. He always talks like that." Nevertheless, Pop managed to look worried at the thought.

Mac Slatt swung his knees around and put his feet on the running-board. "For crying out loud! Let's don't stand here yakking all night. It's cold and it's late. It's after ten. Let's go see Red Jackson."

"No," Bill said. "That's all. "We're going in."

"We're *what?*"

"We're going in. Home."

Pop shook his head. "No, Bill. We came out here to hustle drill-bits and that's what we'll do. So get in . . ."

"For crying out loud!" Mac said. "There's a hundred and twenty bucks, and all we got to do is pick it up."

Pop turned on him. "Look, you dumb tub of guts, I'm tired of having you interrupt me. Now get in and shut up."

"Mister Haynes, I told you to lay off."

"And I told you to keep your fat face shut, you dumb tub of guts," Pop said. "Did you hear me?"

Mac Slatt heard him. Finally. He blinked his eyes once, twice, then bounced out to the ground, almost on Pop's toes. And as he opened his mouth to say something, he put a hairy hand on the old man's chest and shoved. The push may have been intended for emphasis, but the effect on Pop was surprising. Arms flailing, he stumbled backwards. Tripping over a greasewood scrub he twisted and hit the ground. He rolled over twice and came to one knee with both fists extended in the best John L. Sullivan style.

And Bill Haynes, whose view had been partially blocked, saw only that huge, hairy Mac Slatt had either shoved or knocked his Pop to the ground. He screamed something at Mac. The big man saw Bill coming in time to get his fists up, but the lanky redhead, flailing and cursing, drove through his guard and landed a smashing left to Mac's nose.

Bill jumped back into a fighting stance. When Mac recoiled off the pick-up, Bill hit him again. This time Mac stayed put against the pick-up, holding his open hands in front of his face. A good, clean flow of blood ran from his nose and dripped off his chin onto the blue wool sweater. Still Mac made no move. The tight expression on his face loosened.

"I don't want no fight," Mac said. "You know I got a bum shoulder. I might ruin it fighting. Now come on, Haynes."

Pop and Bill both knew that Mac did not have a bum shoulder. But to keep things from getting any more complicated Pop said to Bill, "Okay, he's had enough. And thanks, Bill. Guess I'm getting a little old to let him shove me around like that. Good thing I got you along."

"Mister Haynes, you'll be sorry for that," said Mac.

"Your fat friend says I'll be sorry," Pop said.

"*Your* fat friend, you mean. I don't even know the guy." Bill went around to the other side of the pick-up and got in. Mac, mumbling and holding his nose, slid in beside him. He slammed the door.

"Well . . ." Pop straightened the duckhunter's cap. "It's getting late. Let's go by and unload Ed Jone's drill-bits, then go to town. *We've* got to get up early and find you another job." ■■

THE HORROR OF KATYN FOREST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

I kept my mouth shut. If I had not, I would become one of the damned myself.

Toward the end of April, I was told to report to my company commanding officer. He, in turn, sent me to the *polkowi kommissar*, or regimental political chief. This man, bulging stomached and heavy lidded, was thumbing over my file when I came in. He questioned me closely about my service record, political background, relatives, and capabilities with a sub-machine gun. This began to look good. Such interviews as often as not were preludes to promotion, or better assignment. The *kommissar* gave no hint, of course. That was not the way with NKVD. A few days later I, with others, was transferred to one of the camps I had visited as a courier.

There was something unusual on the air. Except for a small cadre, the place was deserted. The *"Zapadniks,"* or Westerners, as we called Polish POWs, had been sent away, probably to the "White Bears," or Siberian concentration camps, which were even worse than this one. We were issued sub-machine guns, extra ammunition, and told to be on the alert, since we might move at a moment's notice. Something was going to happen soon . . . something big. Just what, I couldn't imagine . . . thank God; or I wouldn't have been able to sleep.

After days of waiting, we were taken by train to a small army camp on the edge of Smolensk. Suspense was building up, with a premonition that we were in for such dirty work as we had never known before.

On May first, a number of SIS trucks pulled up in front of the barracks, and we were packed aboard with weapons and duffel bags. The direction was west into Poland. The Poles didn't like us, and we didn't like the Poles. Looking back now, I can see that they had a good deal more reason for hate than we had.

What puzzled me, as we drove through the country and one village after another, were the road blocks. Why? Not knowing the pattern of tragedy which had been set up, there didn't seem any reason for such precautions.

The trucks ground to a halt in a small town in the Katyn forest, and we were quartered in an empty farmhouse near a railroad siding. On it stood a line of box cars, jammed with prisoners. My "Vavod," or platoon leader, gave me a special pass signed by the company commander, and instructed me to go to the siding, and make a count of the prisoners.

That seemed strange, about the pass, I mean. We were all NKVD men in uniform. Many of us knew each other. Why

a special pass was necessary for such a routine task, was a puzzle. There must be something extraordinary going on under our noses.

The prisoners stumbled out of the box cars. My check showed six hundred. They were gaunt and hungry, and so dirty they smelled like pigs. These were not German prisoners of war. All were Poles. Many, by their bearing, must have been officers. You can spot their kind a mile away. That bothered me still more. What were we supposed to do with them?

The men seemed relieved that their journey was over. It's murder when fifty men are crammed into a single car, crammed in so tightly they can hardly move, with practically no food or water. They sucked the clear spring air into their lungs, and even the sick straightened their shoulders, and stepped out almost briskly when ordered to march into the forest. I watched them disappear, and wondered again what was going to happen to them.

The empty box cars were dragged away by a puffing little engine. Twenty-five more took their places on the track by the station. These, too, were filled with prisoners.

I was constantly aware of a man in civilian clothes, and without indication of rank, who stood watching with no expression on his harsh face. That he was of high importance was evident through the deference accorded by a group of colonels gathered about him. Beria, who later was to face a firing squad himself, was chief of all security forces. This *natchalnik*, whose name was Burjanov, one of his most trusted aides, was, for this assignment, our commander. For the record, should anything ever be done in the way of punishment for what was about to happen, the colonels assisting him were Iwan Sjekanov, Chaim Feinberg, Efim Sokol, Osip Lisak, Lev Ribak, L. Bogolov, Abraham Bonsovich and Boris Kitshov. Their names shone brightly in the history of infamy.

At that moment, except for a queasy premonition, the work was the usual one of routing prisoners from one camp to another.

Having completed my task, I started back to headquarters, when I was taken aside by a *"Starshi Politruk"* (Kommissar first class), and told to report to a lieutenant in charge of a convoy of four trucks. There were fifteen other men with him, and we drove off without being told our destination.

Roadblocks were set up hardly more than a mile apart. At each were three or four white faced, frightened peasants, who had been arrested. They knew from our uniforms that we were NKVD men, and every Pole had reason to fear us. I had no idea why they had been arrested. There seemed no possible way they could harm us. Men and women were loaded into our trucks, twenty of them I should say, when the lieutenant cried, *"Nu duvolno!"* . . . "That's enough!"

We drove on to the next roadblock, where our prisoners were rooted off, and marched out of sight. The sun was warm now, and they were sweating with fear. A group of officers stood in front of a cluster of tents on the forest edge, watching. One was my *"rota,"* or company commander. He called and asked me for the check list I had made at the railroad siding.

Across the shady dappled greensward a long ditch had been dug . . . thirty or forty yards long, perhaps six feet wide. I felt the skin on the back of my neck pringle. That was the kind we dug for multiple burials.

Since I was given no other orders, I waited to the left of the officers. After some time, I'm not sure how long, the prisoners I had checked were marched past. Now their arms were bound behind their backs with fence wire, which cut into their wrists and brought blood. None seemed to notice it. They were tight with fear of what lay ahead. Following were the peasants we had picked up at the check points. When they saw the ditch, they knew what was going to happen to them. Cold, hunger, torment would be behind in a matter of seconds. They were to die, but in spite of what they had gone through, they did not want to die. Some shook with nervousness. Others stood stiff backed with grim hate, like lances, in their eyes.

They were prodded to the edge of the trench, and made to face it. These men were not even to be given the small favor of facing their executioners. They were to be shot in the back. As the Poles stood there, they could look into the ditch, and see the bodies of others who had been killed before them . . . bodies not yet cold.

There was no formal firing squad. The killers, sub-machine guns in the crooks of their arms, lounged before the doomed, waiting for word to fire. No one seemed in a hurry. Death had waited before. Death could wait again.

An officer made a small gesture with his hand. Almost lazily, the NKVD men lifted the guns, and sprayed the line of dirty humanity from left to right. As the bullets ripped into them, some fell forward into the ditch without a sound. Others cried out in strangled voices, clotted with blood. A few high pitched screams echoed to the sky. I walked over to the trench, and looked in. A few in it had not died. An arm or leg jerked in agony. The machine gunners finished all motion with a few bursts.

I had seen men killed before, but this almost made me sick at the stomach. I kept asking myself . . . why? why? What have these people done that they should be slaughtered? The officers had been honorable soldiers. They should be treated as such. The peasants? Poor, dumb folk, asking nothing but to be let alone to make a scrubby living. None were guilty of crimes.

It was not secret any more that most of those executed were Polish officers. There were facts in the chain of events leading up to these mass murders of which I was aware, but with no con-

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necting links I did not have the answer.

At the start of the war, Hitler's blitzkrieg overwhelmed Poland within a few days. Germany and Russia had an alliance of a sort, though they did not trust each other. Stalin moved through Poland's back door, and occupied the Eastern half of the country.

More than 30,000 Ukrainians fled the Soviet sector, across the Ribbentrop-Molotov line. The German dictator planned to train them for service with his divisions. Stalin objected, and made an offer. If the Reich would send the Ukrainians back, he'd give Hitler 11,000 Polish officers penned in POW camps in Kozielsk, Starobielsk and Ostashkov. Those officers had been assured they would be sent home early in 1941. There was no reason why they should be held.

This was common knowledge. What I didn't know was that since there was a Polish government in exile, and some Poles, who had escaped, were serving with the British armed forces, the officers offered a potential threat. Hitler knew that, but did not want to be bothered with transporting and feeding them. He told our people they could do as they pleased—shoot the men, let them starve, anything. Stalin, wanting Poland for himself, saw an opportunity of eliminating some of the best brains and talents in the country, at one stroke. He meant to take Poland for himself when the Germans were driven out, and their execution would make the task considerably easier. Our NKVD chief, Beria, was given instructions, and Beria carried on.

Not knowing this, I could not of course understand why these men should be wiped out. Since such a crime would shock the civilized world should it become known, there must be no witnesses save those who participated in the murders. They, being involved, would say nothing. But, the peasants of Katyn were rounded up and shot down along with the police officers. They might be uneducated, or stupid, but they could talk.

During the next few days, from what I heard and saw, these facts jelled in my mind. It was agonizing to realize I had even a standby role in such an unutterably terrible thing.

Another group, as dirty and forlorn, were kicked into line beside the trench. One was a man with a craggy, lined face, and the gray mustache of a cavalry colonel. He spat at the executioners.

"Pifs!" he cried. "Some day the world will judge Russia for the foul thing it is!"

An NKVD man whipped a pistol barrel into the old face, breaking nose and teeth. The blood smeared face did not change expression. He was still glaring when a volley rang out, and finished him with the others. I took out my camera, and snapped several pictures. Why someone did not interfere I do not know. Perhaps they thought one of my officers had ordered me to see to it they were taken.

Even with sub-machine guns, killing 11,000 people is an extended task. All through the Katyn forest trenches were dug, bound men, and occasionally women, lined up, and shot. It was an inferno beyond imagination. Burjanov, quiet, low voiced, seemed to be everywhere. The constant repetition of murder seemed not to bother him at all. Obviously, it did not worry the colonels, his sub-commanders. Nor could it have cost Beria, or Stalin, at their desks in Moscow, a moment's lost sleep. I thank God that I was not assigned to one of the murder squads, I could not have stood that.

There were probably only a few hundred doomed souls left in Katyn when I was sent to another headquarters, and, again as a courier, traveled through Baranovitchy, Molodetchno and Grodno. I retained pictures of the first shootings I had seen, and hid them. One, with the names of Burjanov and his colonels on its reverse side, I kept with me.

In the early summer of 1941, Hitler launched an assault on Russia, and I was taken prisoner in the early days of fighting. Knowing the Germans shot any member of the Soviet political police they captured, I had changed into a regular army tunic. After months of work on road gangs and farms, the High Command requested that any prisoner of war, having first hand knowledge of the Katyn massacre, come forward and testify. They offered excellent rewards, but I did not trust the Gestapo any more than the NKVD, so kept my mouth shut.

Even three years later Russia denied categorically that the officers and soldiers had been murdered. They said most had been released in the general amnesty of 1942. Thousands of Polish families knew this to be a lie, but they were voiceless people, whose grief was unnoticed by the world. Pinned down to the falsity of his own statement, Stalin accused the Germans of having carried out the murders. In the hysteria of war, who could tell the difference between truth and lies?

The Nazis, being thorough, conducted an investigation in Katyn, with not only their own people, but scientists and criminologists from Axis and neutral countries. One officer, I am told, was an American lieutenant colonel, who was a prisoner of war. They dug up hundreds of bodies, examined everything in the murder terrain. The only thing the NKVD had overlooked was one which could not possibly have occurred to them. The chemical content of the Katyn soil was such that it preserved bodies. The dead, who had lain there so long were almost the same in appearance as when bullets took their lives away. Evidence was irrefutable. The killings had been committed by Russians. It was reported that several eye-witnesses, peasants, who had escaped the NKVD net, testified before the investigating board. I do not believe that. With the net thrown around Katyn not a man or woman could haxe escaped.

For some strange reason the Allies, including the United States, shoved the massacre into a clouded background. Even at the Nuremburg trials, when a ghastly list of atrocities was dragged into

the open, Katyn was scarcely mentioned. Of course, Russia was an ally, not an enemy, which might have made the difference to legal experts who sat in judgment. Yet, to me even Buchenwald, with all its horrors, was no worse than Katyn.

Years after the war I came to the United States, and gained another bit of insight into the affair, which no one as close to it as I had been could possibly have known. A former Polish officer told me that he and others had been asked to a conference with the arch murderer, Beria, in October, 1940. The Kremlin wanted to organize a Polish Legion under Soviet command, though the mass murders had been committed only a few months before.

My friend suggested to the security police that thousands of Polish officers in prisoner of war camps all over Russia be included in this plan.

Beria seemed embarrassed. He should have been, with the thought of that blood bath on his mind.

"I am afraid, gentlemen," he said, "that we cannot include all. We have made a horrible mistake."

He did not say what it was, and my officer friend had not the faintest idea of what the mistake might have been. In the light of later disclosures it was evident that Beria . . . even if Stalin did not . . . realized the enormity and futility of what had been done under the summer skies at Katyn.

All this happened eighteen years ago. If it had taken place eighteen centuries in the past, the picture would never be erased from my mind. Seeing men die in battle is one thing. There, at least, they have a chance to fight for their lives. Seeing them destroyed like cattle in an abattoir is another matter. It does something to a man.

The sight of distorted faces . . . the sound of anguished cries . . . the stink of rotting bodies is still with me. It will never go.

I hope Stalin and Beria were haunted by the memory when they lay on their death beds . . . that, if still live Burjanov, his colonels, and those who manned the murder weapons wake up screaming every night with the horror of what they did.

There has never been anything in the history of hate to match the massacre in Katyn forest. ■ ■

A DRUM FOR A WARRIOR CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

slickness of oil under their precarious finger-hold on the black volcanic boulder.

The men braced their feet grimly against the slippery bottom, heaving with their shoulders against the hull of a big war canoe that teetered on a rounded boulder over which a smooth curve of water raced. Three other naked brown men dug their toes into what crevices they could find along the shore shallows, fighting with a long rope to keep the boat's nose head-on to the stream.

One of the brown men, the sturdiest one, who shoved with his broad shoulders against the stern of the canoe, grunted a warning, all the grimmer for its simple directness.

Cau k-he-neh! Cua k-he-neh, homawa! Careful now, people! Who is swept from the fast water is bones before he reaches the lower end of the pool."

He had been saying the same thing for the last three hours, while they worked their way up that two-mile rapid. He said it for the benefit of the white man. His own men knew from their own stark experience. The white man spat brown water and floating debris from his mouth.

"That can hardly be, Joao. For the pool is scarce fifty yards wide; and one Dr. Wallace has shown that a piranha can bite a piece no larger than, say, a finger nail, from the floating body. Besides, no one of us is bleeding from any wound; so the fish, having no blood to attract them . . ."

Joao grunted morosely.

"Kariwa is doubtless a great witch doctor; for you white men who write in books know many things about my tribe that even I do not know. I am but a poor *Indio* of the Upper River. We do not know how to read. But . . ." He grunted again with expressive scorn, "Kariwa has not seen the piranha in their hordes shred a man's flesh from his bones."

The other brown men laughed.

The white man, shoulders and head braced only his eyes to cover those of the men within his range, frowning under his sun-bleached brows as though to tabulate them and put them each in a numbered niche.

Curious creatures, these black jungle Indians. Quite incongruous. Fine stalwarts physically, mentally children, astoundingly callous to matters of life and death. They had been able to laugh more than once during the preceding three perilous hours, paddling across the piranha-infested pools, shoving, hoisting, heaving their craft by sheer pulley-haul along the shore edge of that half mile of fast water.

A *batelao,* they called this boat; a white-man invention, built three planks high on a native dugout canoe base. That was because on the Upper River, a month beyond civilization, men didn't know how to lay a keel; and a three-inch thickness of dugout mahogany was a lot stronger anyhow, for this business.

All of them, the boat and the river and the brown men, were why the white man was here. To study them, to note and tabulate them. To check up experience against books. David Carewe, ethnologist. To coliect artifacts for glass cases in a museum and to note more data for books that only ethnologists would read. That, and to trace a vague story told by a missionary.

And David Carewe, scientist, was perhaps as incongruous himself as any of the brown men. A man of science. Yet he was broader in the shoulder and

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thicker in the arm than any of the sturdy crew, and he could heave twice their weight under the hull of the big *batelao*. And that, too, was one of the reasons why he was here.

"All right!" Dave shouted. *"Doetch-kha! Ugba puranga!* Let's go! A good heave now!" And—a month of close contact on a boat with any sort of men would have its effect on a man—David Carewe, ethnologist, was able to laugh, too, at the stark humors of a river that sucked at his very heels. *"Cua k-he-neh."* He repeated the leader's warning. "Careful now! Let's get going."

"Doetch-kha!" the brown men shouted and put their backs to it. The boat grated over the rock, lurched into a swift channel. The men rushed it along, twisted it into another between rocks that gnashed at them like teeth, dragged it over a shallow until exhaustion halted them.

One of the brown men grunted and pointed with his chin away upstream. The others grunted in chorus and helped him point.

A small one-man dugout, an *uba* was drifting an erratic course in mid-current. A black silhouette against the shimmery water, it weaved and spun as the eddies caught it. Empty it must be. Yet at that distance it seemed to have a curiously ragged edge, and the sun glistened on highlights that moved.

Dave heaved himself up to get a knee over the *batelao's* gunwale and reached in for his rifle.

His first month of river travel had taught him a vital rule; anything unusual in the jungle might act unusually. And the next great rule that he had learned was that preparedness nearly always resulted in safety.

Joao, whose eyesight had never been taxed by looking at anything so small and close as print upon white paper, grunted to his men.

"Vultures," Joao said.

Dave's level brows came didactically together. "The Tamari tribes don't put their dead out in canoes; not according to Wallace or Scharnholtz."

"Not dead," Joao said. "Or the vultures would not be sitting, waiting."

The brown men grunted again, all together, and lifted their heads, like animals sniffing, turning their ears to catch stealthy eddies of sound. Then Dave caught it too. A dim throbbing in the air, fitful in the hot breeze, audible only in intermittent waves; a throb of something that repeated a definite code. Somewhere in the jungle that crowded down to the very edge of the black boulders; upriver, downriver, somewhere; a curiously all-pervading sound, impossible to locate.

"Ha! Can you read that?" Dave's eyes were suddenly narrow and alert.

Joao shook water from his lank hair like a spaniel.

"Only the *Ipa-ges*, the Old Wise Ones, can read the drum talk."

"A signal drum, by golly!" All the gruesome implications of a canoe with a man in it who was not dead and of vultures that waited were lost on Dave while his ears strained to catch the rhythms of that distant drumming. "Scharnholtz recorded that there was one somewhere, but he could never get to see it. By God, if I could collect that drum my whole expedition would go over."

The canoe was coming into the fast water now. It spun giddily in the preliminary whirlpools. You could discern the ugly birds clinging doggedly with their great blunt claws, you could see their scrofulous bald heads, could hear their croaks as they jostled one another at the board. Whatever might be lying in the canoe bottom was hidden by their close ranks.

The mid-current took hold of the boat, spun it once, as with a vast unseen hand.

"So," said Joao. "Ipa-Thathaoh, the spirit who owns this rapid, has caught it. Now will be opportunity, while He is busy, for us to push quickly ahead."

The grip of the water spirit dragged the little canoe with increasing speed till it was shooting past as fast as a runaway car. Little wavelets licked hungrily up at its weighted edges.

Dave suddenly shouted. He didn't know why. A sort of subconscious hope that nothing lived behind the screen of waiting birds that might delay his progress to the farther waters where his work had to be done.

A group of the birds at the canoe's center squawked in sudden affright and spread their huge wings; the rest croaked and held grimly on.

It was not Dave's shout that had startled them. A figure heaved itself up from the canoe's bottom. Just a spasm of effort, and then it fell back. The soaring squadron planed down again to perfect landings, and crouched as before, waiting.

Civilization crowded back on Dave with all the horror that white men knew when one of their own kind is involved. "A white man!" He shoved the *batelao* off the sand bar that held it. "Call those rope men in, Joao! We must let down after him. He still lives! Those piranha pools! My God!"

Joao remained savagely apathetic. He tendered argument perfectly logical to a savage.

"An *Indio* went also to the piranha pools and it was his fate without a fuss. One white man the less still will not even up the account. Moreover, three hours of this labor lie behind us." And he added, darkly. "People do not interfere with the happenings on this river."

Crowding civilization made Dave suddenly and quite illogically fierce.

"Call them in." He shoved his way along the canoe's gunwale to bulk menacingly over Joao. Four to one the brown men were, but Joao called sulkily, and the rope men cautiously shortened down on their rope till they stood belly deep in the water that pushed angry waves up as high as their chests. Their fellows helped their footing. Dave helped with them. He knew now, as well as any one of them, what a slip would mean.

Where the canoe had shot down the rapids in seconds, it took the *batelao* nearly an hour to let down with careful maneuvering between the shoreline rocks.

The canoe was long out of sight, but Dave drove his crew of six to their short, round-blanded paddles that they had learned from traders to lash to poles and use more efficiently as oars. Three bends lower down there was the canoe again, floating placidly, the foul birds still motionlessly expectant, certain of the end.

"He still lives." Dave was learning his jungle-craft fast. "The birds still wait. *Aruanatch-kha!* Lay into it."

The double line of birds croaked and hissed at the larger boat, astonishingly unwilling to move from their perches. They clung fiercely on with their thick toes, even when the oar blades beat at them.

Joao grunted his short callous laugh. "The canoe, in the quiet pools, makes insufficient wind to give them a lift to fly, and there is no room to run for a start."

The glistening feather fringe on the gunwale still hid the bottom of the canoe. Oar blades beat the nearest birds from their perch into the water. There they floated miserably.

"For those," said Joao callously, "there will be the caimans, after the piranha have eaten off their feet; for the piranha cannot bite through the tough feathers." And with scarcely any change of his apathetic tone he supplemented, looking into the canoe: *"Whau!* It is the white witch doctor. Look, his beard is as yellow as is Kariwa's hair and his head has no hair in the middle. Though he is naked as a mud fish and as brown, it is no doubt that he is a white man."

Dave looked, and his voice choked in his throat, as civilization had taught it to do in the presence of horror.

But Joao's background of his own stark river had taught him no such inhibitions. He added interesting details. "His thighs have been tied down to the bottom and his hands tied behind him so that he could not free himself. He was given thus naked to the sun and the birds—or to the piranha or the *ipas* of the rapids, whichever one might win him. He was not a bad white man."

"Was?" Dave almost committed the fatal mistake of jumping into the frail canoe. "He is still alive. Take hold there! You there, his feet! Easy now, Joao! Easy! Under the palm shelter, quick!"

The canoe floated away. The birds croaked ghoulishly and ruffled their glistening black feathers like disappointed devils. Thin little clouds of acrid dust floated from each. Their croaks were curses.

Dave shuffled together a pad of cloth over his lumpy assortment of trade goods and had the man laid upon it. A stimulant! Dave knew about stimulants, as he did about practical first aid. Those were some of the things that he had studied in preparation for his coming into the jungles.

The man's jaws were loose with weakness. There was no trouble in getting a spoonful of brandy between the lips. It drooled out at the edges, but it was not entirely wasted. The man still breathed. There did not seem to be any wounds about him. It was hideously incredible;

but as Joao said out of his experience of his river, naked and bound he had been given over to whatever the river willed for him.

Dave was still examining the inert figure for at least a merciful bullet hole when the voice came, whispering haltingly.

"The good God will bless you, my son."

"My son! And Joao had spoken of him as the white witch doctor. Incredulity surged about him; but what else could he be? He put the question.

"Are you—There wasn't any other missionary. Are you Father Ignacio?"

The eyes remained closed, but almost imperceptibly the lids, rather than the head, nodded.

Dave raised the head higher and administered more brandy.

"Lay Brother Stephen told me about you," he said. "I had hoped to meet you. And now—like this."

The weak lips moved in the pale beginning of a smile. A whisper came through.

"So he—escaped?"

Escaped from what? The question burning in Dave's mind was like a hell's flame. Another question, in a wave of scientific fervor, quenched it.

"He said—is it true? He said you know about the ancient Tupi-Guarani inscription."

For the first time the muscles of the missionary's body responded. The whisper came choked.

"The inscription! It is accursed. Leave it alone, my son. It is the cause of my—" The faint syllable died away. Only the pain of memory remained.

"Forever me." Dave was immediately contrite. "My interest—I—rest easy now. We will talk of it later."

Dave scuffed up a loose pillow of trade cloth and let the limp head sink back onto it. He felt relieved. The missionary was no frail ascetic; his body was brown and sturdy, as it had to be in order to have survived his years in the jungle.

Just exhaustion. Careful feeding and some care would bring him back in a few days. And then—Lay Brother Stephen had said that this zealous colleague of his knew more about the back jungle Indians and their forgotten lore than any man alive, and that—a find that would excite the whole world of science—he might even have found the inscription. Scharnholtz had broken his heart over the elusive rumors about it, but the most that Scharnholtz had ever unearthed was that the inscription existed and that it was plain to see for anybody who could recognize it when he saw it.

Dave's eyes smoldered back to the inert figure. The inscription. The missionary knew about it. Knew enough to add the warning detail that it was the cause of his plight and to leave it alone. Certainly the missionary . . . found it.

And he was not dead from it. He would recover. And then . . .

CHAPTER II
MAN-TRAP

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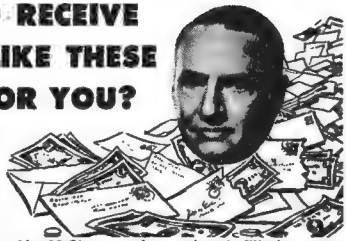

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broad banana leaves and palm fronds. On its summit the *sitio* was a palisaded fort surrounded by a straggle of thatched huts and open sheds. Log canoes were hauled up on the beach; a *batelao* was moored to a stake. Wood smoke from the boiling balata curled lazily from the eaves of the sheds and flattened out in a thin blue layer, scarcely hot enough to rise in the hot air. Men moved slowly between sheds. There were many Indians, of course, as could be seen by their nakedness. Men dressed as white men, but quite as brown, lounged against posts to direct labor.

It was a scene of bustling industry such as the upper rivers had not seen since the good old days when rubber was king—before that perfidious Englishman, whose name all the rivers cursed daily, stole the prohibited seed and started those competitive plantations in the Straits Settlements. Peaceful and pleasant to see.

As Dave's craft approached, a rifle barked and a bullet plopped into the water in front of the bows.

"What the devil!" Dave grabbed for his own rifle. "What does a pirate signal like that mean?"

Joao took it calmly. "It is the custom at this place. It means that we must be inspected before we may go farther."

"But—" Dave's independence was outraged— "suppose we don't want to stop here. The river is a free road."

"Yes," said Joao. "People in the town that we left four weeks ago say that the road is free. But none the less it is Rabeira who decides who may go into the balata country farther on."

Dave grunted, buckled a pistol belt around his waist.

"This," he grumbled, "looks like a place where preparedness may spell peace."

His lips and eyes pinched down to parallel slits as the *batelao* grounded directly in front of the muzzle of a canvas covering something that could be nothing other than a machine-gun. It was mounted on a sawed-off tree stump, low to the water, so that a burst from it could not fail to cut in half anything that tried to pass on the river.

Rabeira himself came down to meet the *batelao*. There was no possibility of mistake. An immense man with a face to correspond. At some time in the past his nose, large to start with, had been smashed by what must have been a terriffic blow, and spread over his cheek bones. Complete lack of medical attention had left it to grow like that, grotesque, gorilloid. Thick arms hung from the short sleeves of a cotton singlet; thick angles below the baggy blue jeans of a gum gatherer ended in rope-soled native shoes. That was all he wore; that and an outsize machete in all alligator hide sheath. And, of course, a wide brimmed palm matting hat. Only Indians ventured bare-headed into the sun; a hat was the mark of white man.

The satiny hairlessness of the man's limbs immediately indicated to Dave that there was Indian blood back somewhere, and an incongruous thickening of the lips and too curly back hair betrayed an earlier trace of Negro slave.

A *mestico* breed by every rule of definition. But that word, *mestico*, was one of those things that was tactfully left unmentioned amongst those *gomeires* of the upper rivers.

Two other men, similarly dressed sauntered down with him. Their skins were darker, but by some queer twist of blood strain, there was enough of white in them to need shaving. They loafed down the hill, twirling between their fingers, nothing more dangerous than cigarettes wrapped in brown *tabari* bark. But nobody could make any mistake about their being a most formidable reception committee.

Rabeira, as Dave stepped from the *batelao* into the shoal water, was obviously nonplussed by his appearance.

"*Dantacarracas!* Great tapir ticks!" It is a white man!"

All unconsciously he voiced the startling color difference. Then, almost as a challenge: "But you are no gum gatherer."

"Nor even a trader," one of the henchmen supplemented.

Dave announced himself with curt brusqueness.

"*Eu sou* David Carewe, *Americano.*"

"*Cra!* And talks Portuguese!"

"Yes," Dave said crisply. "I have studied in preparation for this coming."

"And the reason for your coming *Senhor Americano?*"

"To study further."

A thick grin spread Rabeira's lips.

"Your studies, *Senhor Americano,* have not taught you that people do not study this river without permission."

"I am an American citizen." Dave growled. "And I have written permission from the governor of the State of Amazonas to travel where I will in his jurisdiction."

The grin widened, and the henchmen laughed in thin-lipped enjoyment.

"Yes," Rabeira nodded, "we keep hearing about that governor. He sends us messages and tells us that this is his jurisdiction. Your books, *Senhor,* have not taught you that here is the jurisdiction of Rabeira Aranha." He jerked his great head towards Dave's boat. "Go look it over, you two, and see what he may have that is suspicious."

The henchmen inspectors slouched forward. A formidable pair—much more formidable than any customs inspectors that anybody's book had ever noted.

And Dave had some suspicions of his own that Joao's dark insistence had inculcated.

It would be a pity, Joao said, if these people should find out about the missionary whom somebody somewhere along this river had tied down to torture in an open canoe. He stepped in from of the men. The crispness in his voice took on a hard edge.

"People do not look over my boat without permission."

There was no argument about that, as there might have been with inspectors anywhere else. One of the henchmen rasped his machete from its sheath.

Before it was well out, Dave's gun was smoothly in his hand.

The men stopped in mid-action. Tense in their arrested motion, not afraid. Guns were nothing new. Rabeira could even be appreciative.

"Carracas! You do that well. Like a cowboy of the cinema." His eyelids drooped to give him the expression of a sleepy jaguar. *"Senhor* is perhaps what the cinema calls a gunman, imported to . . ."

A certain grim humor twitched about Dave's tight lips.

"Not a cowboy," he said. "In fact from a small city in our farm belt. This is one of the things I studied."

Rabeira's knowledge of men was more than enough to convince him that just now was a time to temporize.

"Perhaps *Senhor* would condescend to tell us more."

"Since you ask decently, all right, I'm an ethnologist. My special study is American Indians. I came here to complete research unfinished by a previous explorer of thirty years ago. I got the assignment because I'm young enough to cover tough traveling that better workers than I perhaps could not, and because I took the trouble to prepare myself for just this trip. And I'm telling you," Dave's mouth pinched down, "I'm going to make it, and make good on it."

"Umethno-lo-gico?" Rabeira pieced out the syllables with what might have been relief in his heavy voice. "A man of science, you mean, who measures Indians' heads and collects the pots and beads that they make?"

"You can, no doubt, prove this, *Senhor?*"

"Of course. I have my credentials from my museum."

Rabeira's lips suddenly spread to a gale of African laughter. His great head rocked to show every perfect white molar.

"Que brinco! What a joke! What a facetiousness is this! An almost killing over nothing! Tics bite me, if this is not a theater! Who else but a scientist would think of such a reason?" He rolled his head to roar with mirth again. *"Senhor* will excuse us. We though he must be —but let that pass. We will look into your credentials later. It may be that you can fit into my organization. A student of these Indians is perhaps what we need. An efficiency expert, no less, to find out means of getting a full quota of labor out of the savages."

Dave, looking at the man's quick change of humor, saw a sudden vivid picture of that other big mixed breed, Cristophe of Haiti, who lost every other human sensibility in his delusion of grandeur. The man before him was as crazy, certainly as dangerous.

"Senhor." Rabeira boomed hospitality. "You will first eat lunch with us, me and my lieutenant Assio Da Costa. It is not much, for us who know the better things, but the best that this savage country can offer.

"Come, we shall lunch as gentlemen together, and then I will show you this balata that I have discovered to take the place of rubber that used to be the wealth of the rivers."

He laid a great hand on Dave's shoulder to propel him up the hill. Dave felt the power of it; and the repulsion. He went along, but his scientific integrity rebelled against Rabeira's assumption of credit.

"You didn't discover balata," he said bluntly. "The tree, mimusops balata, was reported by a Dr. Aranha while you must have been still a boy. So don't give me that stuff."

Rabeira was still full of good humor. "Ah, yes. We scientists must be meticulous. But who, let me ask you, discovered the commercial extraction of the gum?"

"That was Vargas Holm, the Brazilio-Norwegian," Dave insisted.

"Holm!" Rabeira roared the name. His hand on Dave's shoulder gripped down to the bone. "Dog's blood! What do you know about that name?" His face was suddenly feral and the breath snorted and spluttered through his flattened nose.

Dave unwound the clutching fingers from his shoulder one by one and put away the hand.

"Holm? I knew that he developed balata somewhere in these upper rivers and that he died a couple of years ago."

Rabeira's eyes glowered at him like a jaguar's, sullenly awake and suspicious.

You seem to know a lot, *Senhor,* about what happens in these upper rivers."

"But certainly," Dave said. "I studied everything that was available."

Rabeira grunted, like an animal getting its teeth into meat. "Yes, he died." He said it almost with regret. "Or, if he did not, it is I who assure you that he will."

Rabeira was sulky all the way up the hill to his stockaded cluster of abode buildings. But he grumbled the conventional welcome. "The house is yours, *Senhor.* Occupy yourself as you will while I arouse these sluts of mine to produce a meal."

Dave found himself in the fantastic neo-barbarity of a domicile fit for an African king. He had seen dozens of them along the banks of the lower river; straggly, tin-roofed buildings of abode, calsomined in heavenly blues and canned salmon pinks. Built by illiterate *mestico* pioneers, suddenly grown rich on rubber, they had, in their time, represented the savage last word in magnificence. With rubber's decline they had kept exact pace, and they stood now on a par with the death of a vast natural business killed by scientific plantation production.

Civilization had crept sluggishly up to the upper rivers and had crept away again, defeated by the jungle. Once there had been a law in the old rubber country —a law at least as nominal as the law of the old gold camps, back in the days when rubber was black gold. And now Rabeira was the law and a far-away governor sent him futile messages.

All of it explained to Dave the ferocious conflict for this new blood that was beginning to ooze along the old channels —balata, the gummy white latex that would bring new life to jungle *sitios* on the point of death.

Rabeira came bellowing: *"Bom. Por im he servido.* The lazy wenches have at

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last served something. Not much, *Senhor,* for us who know how gentlemen should live; but food at last."

A pair of sullen, naked breasted Indian women served the meal, the best, as Rabeira continued to apologize, that the country could offer; dried *pira-rucu* fish boiled tasteless to get the salt out of it, and coarse farhina of grated yam, the standard of all the Amazon headwaters. Meat was a rare treat, only when some Indian was lucky enough to spear a manatee and was foolish enough to let his masters know about it, or when the monkeys came back after the rainy season.

"It is a little crude here," Rabeira admitted, "for people of refinement. There was a time when I could have had you waited upon by a white woman. But—" he shrugged, as at a loss that was a temporary annoyance.

Dave wondered darkly what horror was behind that careless shrug; what shivery story of a white woman cast amongst these men, protected by a law that was only Rabeira.

"But wait, *amigo.* Wait only until I have organized the production. These Indians are obstreperous and need some disciplining yet, to teach them their function for which the good God put them here. But with tact one succeeds. They are not so troublesome now as they used to be. When my production is organized to full capacity I will have a new piano dragged up over these rapids, and gilded mirrors for these rooms, as good as any rubber king ever had in the rich old days."

"Do you play?" Dave just controlled his tone from showing surprise.

"Not I. But a man of culture needs music, is it not? And, who knows, my agents may catch me some musician down there who"—He threw his head back and laughed hugely at the droll thought—"who has not studied so much about the upper rivers, *Senhor,* as you have, and who might be persuaded to come up."

"But he would soon go down again," Dave was convinced. "And your piano would be out of tune in a month, in this humid heat."

Rabeira's laugh spluttered through his big white teeth.

"He would learn to tune it; it is I who assure you. And . . ." His thick fingers balled to the clutching fist on the table, "nobody goes down this river, or up, without my permission. But for you, *Senhor,* rest assured, you have it. For the advancement of science we place no difficulties in the way of our efficiency expert."

"Our efficiency expert!" It was grimly obvious that the man had already attached Dave to his staff of ruffians, just as that other monster, Jean Cristophe, collected about himself wretched captives who might add to his prestige. And just as those captives were safe as long as they pleased their captor, Dave would be safe—until the monster would detect the inevitable loathing that Dave knew he would never be able to conceal. Or until he finds out about that other white man who was sick in the *batelao.*

Dave wriggled in pretense of scratching the all-pervasive stinging flies, and under cover of the motion he worked his gun from its holster and held it pressed against the bottom of the table with his knee. He prayed that the shaking of his knee might not dislodge it. And all at once he knew that he was afraid and frightfully without experience.

"Tell us," the monster said, "something of your work. A scientist, you say. Yet you look, permit me to observe, more like an athlete."

Suspicion was innate in the man. Of what was he secretly afraid? Dave clutched eagerly at the thought that this great brute could be afraid of something, and with the thought he found that he had sufficient courage of his own to sour at the prevalent imputation of highbrow futility.

He even snarled his response. "You expect to see spectacles and a goat beard. But even scientists play at games sometimes. Mine happens to be water polo. And if you think that's a sissy one, you try it some time. But that's neither here nor there. I'm here because I plugged along four years till I dug up a patron to put up the money for just this trip. That's how small museums like mine work. And that's why I'm damn well going to collect this Tamari country. Because if I don't I'll never drum up another chance till I have the spectacles and beard."

Rabeira roared his appreciation.

Que bravo! And such a man collects pots and beads! But be tranquil, *Senohr. Por causa da sciencia,"* Rabeira grandly smote his chest, "you shall have my help."

"Collecting," Dave told him uncompromisingly, "requires cooperation with the natives and their friendship. But information is something that you may be able to give me. A drum, one of these signal drums, would be a prize that would assure my success."

"A drum? *Carracas! The* drum, you mean. There is but one such damned thing in the whole district."

"They're very old and rare. I know," Dave said. "There are only three in the U.S. Big museums have them. If I could get one . . ."

Da Costa spoke for the first time during the whole session. He spoke quickly, and in the Geral dialect. "If this fool's enthusiasm for research could find out which one of the *ipa-ges* works this accursed drum, we could use him. Then make a raid and teach them a lesson."

Dave's pulse pounded in his head, but he managed to continue to look innocent.

"Oh! Ah, yes. He was saying," Rabeira explained, "that this drum is very difficult to find. It is, in fact, a sort of tribal fetish. They do not keep it in the one place, but carry it about, mounted in a special canoe, through a maze of back jungle creeks. That much our good Da Costa twisted from a jungle Indian before the man, unfortunately, died. And with this accursed drum they signal all our moves and organize their stubborn resistance to the march of industry and civilization."

"Oh!" said Dave. "Ah, yes. Twisted, did you say, from an Indian?"

Rabeira's laugh was unconscious of any reproach. "Twisted in very truth. They

are stubborn, these damned *Indios,* about giving any information to us white men, as you, no doubt, have already discovered in your travel with them up river.

"But our good Da Costa has his methods—methods that he learned from reading some books of religion that a previous resident left here when we came to organize this industry. Haw-haw-haw!" The great ox laughed his African glee at the hugeness of the joke. "Books that told of the methods employed by the good priests of the inquisition upon these same *Indios* and upon other good men of stout religious principles who happened to disagree with their own dogmas."

His humor soured as quickly as it had burst forth. "Stubborn fellows, these men of religion. May their God curse their souls. They do not tell, even under the most improved methods."

Dave's blood pounded suddenly in his

damned . . ." He growled out of his belly to Da Costa in the Geral: "Send a couple of men to look through that boat and report immediately. Until I hear from them I'll hold this clever innocent who is so fast with his gun. It he's trying to fool us we'll send him on the same road as the blasted priest."

Dave's start nearly shook the gun from his knee. While he was still in his desperate indecision whether or not to make his break now, Rabeira's machete was half out of its sheath. But Rabeira was not quite so animal that he couldn't think. Slowly, while he glared his jaguar stare, he let the blade slip back.

Dave hoped, he prayed, that it might be because Rabeira carried no gun. But even if not, how many men were there with rifles just outside? It was inexperience again that held Dave's hand. While his brain raced with his indecision, Da Costa left the room, and there was Rebeira's distorted face thrusting at him across the table and growling from his belly:

"Ss-so! Now it comes out, my innocent. You thought perhaps we were fools enough not to know. You come here pretending to be a man of pots and beads, and what you come for is really to find out about the inscription about the lost city with its treasure back in these jungles."

Dave was astounded at this new angle. In his need to temporize with Rabeira until he could make his getaway, he scouted the thought.

"Don't be a fool, Rabeira. There is no lost city and no treasure. There couldn't ever have been. Not in these jungles. When the Inca people were driven from the mountains by the conquistadores, and they in turn drove the foothill Tupi-Guarani tribes into the jungles, the Guarani had no culture sufficient to built any cities. They were emerging from naked savagery just enough to have writing, and that is all."

"Don't try to befool me with your scientific babblings." Rabeira's great hands were clawing at the table surface, and Dave noted with a sort of horror that the strong finger nails took little chips from the wood. "Don't you think you can fool me any longer. Everybody knows that such an inscription exists; and what would there be an inscription for, unless for something valuable? For something so valuable that these accursed savages pretend to know nothing about it, while everybody knows that it is there, somewhere, for anybody to find who can read it."

"You're still being a fool," Dave said, and Rabeira, in his fury about the rival quest for his insisted treasure, let the lesser insult pass. "It is possible that many such inscriptions have survived. You know about this one because it has been reported by explorers in the past. It can't refer to treasure, because the Guarani never had any treasure. The only treasure would be scientific knowldge, and that, to science, would be priceless, since no example of the Guarani script has been found."

"Bah!" Rabeira exploded. "If you believe that, it is you who are a fool. Why did that damned missionary spend his life hunting for it, if it would not be an additional treasure for his church; and why would he be so stubbornly close-mouthed about it, if . . ."

Da Costa sidled back into the room.

"Two have gone," he said in Geral. "They will report as soon as they have searched thoroughly."

Rabeira remained, his body shoved half across the table, his breath wheezing through his flattened nose. The glare in his eyes smoldered down to angry cunning. Dave guessed, from their direction, that he was thinking about that gun that he had last seen at Dave's belt, close to his fast hand.

"It may be that you are right." It was Rabeira who was temporizing now. "Treasure or no treasure, you, no more than I, will ever find out from that damned missionary. Let it pass. Come, I will show you my factory of balata, that, in the long run, will yield more treasure than any lost temples out of these jungles."

Dave's relief was a surging prayer in his heart. Outside, he would have a chance to make his break. He would be able to see who might be covering him and where. It was sheer magic how he managed to get his gun back into his holster before he rose from the table and was the first out of the door.

His eyes went desperately to his boat. From here he (*Continued on page* 82)

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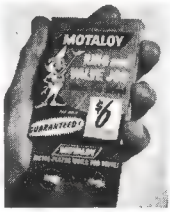

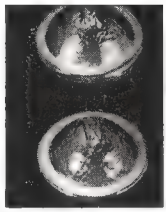

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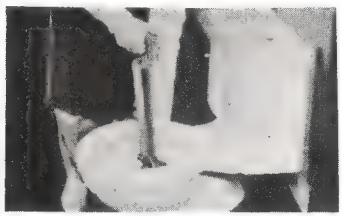

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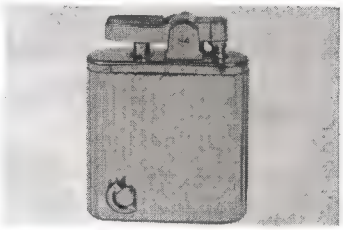

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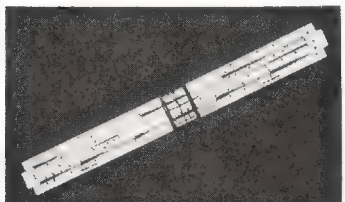

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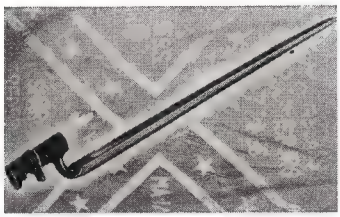

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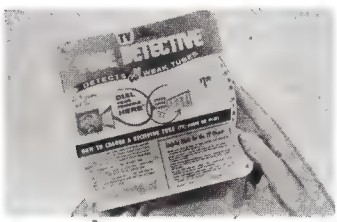

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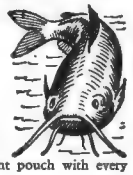

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

couldn't see it. It was hidden by the thick palms that shaded the hill. And thank God for that. Until men came to report their finding of the missionary, he would have time to think, to plan, to maneuver somehow to place himself for a gateaway.

The most terrific effort of his life was to continue his affection of nonchalance, as he walked beside the two ruffians and was careful not to let them get him between them.

"Come," Rabeira boomed. "Let us yet be friends." His eyes were not on Dave's face; they were on the gun at his belt. His thick fingers curled with the itch to make a grab, but Rabeira balled his fists to restrain himself. "Come," he growled. "I will show you my factory."

The tour of inspection dragged on like a march from a death cell. Dave saw sweating men standing over great flat pans of copper, straining at wooden paddles that moved sluggishly through the thickening gum. As he watched, a scalding drop spattered onto a bare skin and immediately stuck fast. The man yelped and let it stick. If he would pull it off, flies would deposit maggot-breeding eggs in the sore. Dave noted that every copper tender was scarred thigh high with round white blotches.

Rabeira toed a lump of rubber-like material. "The best grade goes into submarine cable insulation, the second grade into machine belting. It is much more valuable than rubber ever was at its best price, and it means the industrial development of the upper rivers, the opening up of the jungle. When I shall have developed my production and beaten my labor into shape I will have an empire here."

He swelled like a ruthless Napoleon visualizing conquest.

"I see why your labor labors," Dave said. "But I'm damned if I understand why, when once it has gotten into the jungle, it ever comes back."

Rabeira rocked back in vast laughter again.

"This one—ha-ha! This one is the best joke of all. This you will appreciate. You saw the row of huts within the corral. It is there that we look after that women and brats for them. As long as their women stay, they stay. It is all simple, no?"

To Dave it was not all so simple. He was able to make his voice say.

"I wouldn't believe the poor fools would be so dumb as to bring their families."

Rabeira could hardly pronounce coherent words through his bellowing mirth over that grandest of all jokes. "Innocent, you are in some matters, my clever friend. They don't bring their families in. That is just it. That is why our good Da Costa must make raids into the jungle to catch them, and that is where this accursed drum comes in, with which they signal their warnings to each other."

Even the taciturn Da Costa's upper lip curled away from pointed teeth at his chief's tribute to this greatest of all jokes. Capture the women, and the men, like faithful dumb animals, followed. It was all so simple.

Dave knew. Away back in his civilized brain he knew that he ought to be appalled with disgust and loathing for this callous admission of trading upon the nearest thing to civilized sentiment that naked savages possessed. But Dave had other things to occupy his brain. By God's grace no men had come racing up the hill yet with a report of their discovery. Dave could not stand that tension any longer. He felt that he must break; that his sheer nerve reactions would suddenly drive him to make a dash for something that would probably be disastrous. He would have to get away from this, and just now seemed to be a time, while these ruffians were in a good humor.

He was able even to laugh at the hugeness of Rabeira's joke. Between breaths he said: "That is a good one. Certainly a good one, I shall want to hear more about your system. But, you will excuse, just now I must go to my boat. I have learned many things to note."

Rabeira's eyes went to Da Costa. Da Costa only shrugged. In Geral he said: "Easy, easy, *Padrao.* This fellow is a devil with that gun. Our boys must be finding things, and when they report, maybe we shall have another joke."

Rabeira roared again at that, his head thrown back and his eyes closed in the contortions of his face. Dave went away under cover of that mirth. It was all he could do to hold himself from running down the path. Round a bend through the trees, his *batelao* came in sight. He had been half afraid to look. But there it floated, placid and peaceful. From behind him a duet of gorilla laughter followed.

Dave forced his feet to measured steps that were an agony of taut nerves. He waded slowly out into the shallow water to climb aboard. His eyes were flashing in every detail, while his mind refused to believe the placidity of everything.

There, his Indians squatted on the bamboo slats of the raised, forward deck. Their faces were dumbly without expression. Joao looked at him owlishly. There was not a sign, not a trace, of any excitement such as there must have been over two men coming to make the search.

And then Dave's eyes noted another thing. He was standing knee-deep in the water. Fish dashed in and out amongst his feet. A darting horde of them. Dave's impulse was to snatch his feet up both at once. Piranha! But his study of years insisted that piranha could not bite through canvas shoes or dungaree pants. Inexorable science had proven that it was a sheer impossibility for the muscular strength of their jaws to bite through a stout shoe. And piranha required blood to attract them in their deadly hordes.

Without moving his head, his eye traveled over the water up and around the sides of his boat.

And then he saw it. A thin smear of blood oozed from between the strake and the lower plank. In a crooked little pattern it cut a red path down the boat's side and tinged the brown water.

Dave gulped and plunged towards the boat. Joao squatted without moving. Only his voice came sidewise.

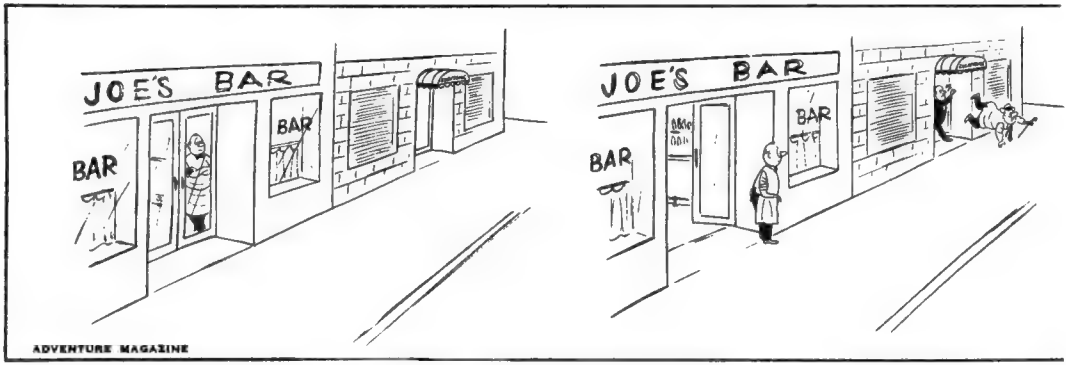
"Cua k-heh-nek. Kariwa. Men may be watching. Come on board quietly."

Dave stood at the gunwhale. From below the keel, from the farther side of the boat, piranha swarmed about his feet.

Dave snatched them up in a mad scramble and rolled into the boat. His eyes rolled into position to look into the thatched cabin. Blinking, Dave could make out the form of his patient. It lay just as he had last left it, still peacefully. Then Dave's enlarging pupils could see the stain. A great blotch of it that smeared his trade goods and connected its dark path to the woodwork.

Joao's voice came in its monotone.

"They came. Two men of the *sitio.*



ADVENTURE MAGAZINE

They saw the white witch doctor, and saying no word, they knifed him."

Dave was lying on the deck as though resting. He remained just so. His nerves were slowly taking hold again. "What?" Speech came thickly from his throat. "What happened then?" Rage began to wave through his being. "Why didn't you fight? Why didn't you do something?"

Foolish rage. He recognized it in the same second. Why should these Indians, with their experience of white men, bestir themselves in the white men's affairs?

Joao's voice remained a low monotone.

"The fight was short, Kariwa. They knifed him before we could suspect them. And then—Since we now are sure that Kariwa is an enemy of the Big Nose, we snatched the blow gun darts that were hidden in the palm thatch, as Kariwa did not know, and within the time that a man can draw one breath it was finished. Two of them."

"Thunder." Dave was glad that he was lying prone. "Now we've done it!" Without definite volition his mind was associating himself with his savage Indians.

"They'll find the bodies and . . . what about the bodies? Where have you stuffed them? Now we're in a fight."

For the first time Joao's owl stare crinkled to a human grin.

"Nobody will find anything, Kariwa. The bodies—we took their clothes off and—and they are on the farther side of the boat, where no watcher from the shore side can see. They are tied with a string, so that they will not float clear. Piranha. And bones will sink to the bottom."

Dave sat up.

"We must push off," he ordered. "Already they are wondering why the two have not returned with a report. Get the oars ready and make a dash up-stream. The trees are thicker there; they will offer some shelter. Quick!"

"Upstream is good," Joao grunted. "For there is my own village. And the bones must by this time be sunk." He heaved his body to peer over the farther gunwhale. There he grunted, and with a red-bladed machete, cut a trailing line."

"This also, may Kariwa write in a book," he said, "that within the space of time he was up there in the Big Nose house the bones were shredded and ready."

The *batelao* surged away from that ghastly place. The sturdy muscles of the Indians bunched over their oars. The speed of the boat was a lift to Dave's heart. And in the next moment, shooting past a little nest amongst the shore shrubbery, his heart fell through the very soles of his shoes. There, snugly nested, was a big *batelao*. Of course, the *sitio* would have its own *batelao*. A big one, too. A dozen men would man the oars and overhaul the fugitives.

Joao grinned at it.

"In that one," he said. "We made a hole with one of the machetes."

Dave could have embraced the man, only that his broad back was bulging with his strain over his oar.

A yell came from up on the hill. A confusion of yells. A rifle slammed with the flattened sound of explosion amongst trees. More rifles.

"Out!" Dave shouted. "Out-stream and over. We can't hide any longer! Lay to it now."

The open landing place came into view, and again Dave's heart skipped its beat. In the open landing place was that canvas covered something that could be nothing other than a machine-gun, and men were racing downhill towards it.

A bounding figure was tearing at the canvas cover, while two others fumbled with deadly looking round cans. Dave's rifle was steady in his hands. He waited for a momentary steadiness of the boat. He pressed the trigger and instantly slammed the bolt out and in again.

One of the men yelled and spun like a top before he fell.

"Thank God for that!" Dave said piously.

The other two men at the gun yelled. Men yelled up on the hillside. Rifles slammed. Little geysers spouted from the water about the boat. But shooting through the tree fringe around the hill was tricky and uncertain.

Dave's sights were steady over the machine-gun again. He fired. Another of the gunners dropped, rolled, and began to crawl on hands and knees. Dave's rifle covered him, but it swung away, back to the third man.

Something went off like a blast in front of Dave's face where he lay along the gunwhale. Red comets flared before his vision, and he was blind. But he could feel. His hand dashed to his face and was scored along the back by a wooden splinter that still stuck in the skin of his forehead.

It left his right eye clear. Through that one he saw a figure kneeling at the water's edge, clear of the trees, sighting for another shot. He snapped a fast one at the figure. It remained on its knees, and Dave could see the whole front of its face go red. Then it leaned forward, and further forward, and then lay face-down.

"For that one," Joao grunted with each heave of his body, "the piranha?"

Dave found time to snatch for a handkerchief and wipe fearfully at his face. The other eye opened. He could see.

A jarring roar commenced from lower down the bank. A long burst of staccato noise. The *batelao* positively heeled to the impact of bullets that slammed into its hull at the rate of eight in every second. Low over the water. In the next second the line of fire would rise. Dave jerked his rifle across in a frenzy. The staccato of the machine-gun in the open.

Shots slammed from farther up the hill. Geysers spouted sporadically. It amazed Dave that their range seemed so short and their accuracy so poor. Trade rifles, he knew in the next second. Good enough for close quarters, where they would blow a hole as big as a dollar piece through a man's body. Good against naked Indians, but a long way from modern weapons. It came to Dave with more prayerful thankfulness than he had known in half a lifetime, that with his small caliber, high velocity gun, he could outshoot them by half a mile.

And then the *batelao* was out where the geysers no longer splashed around.

Dave took stock. "Anybody hurt?"

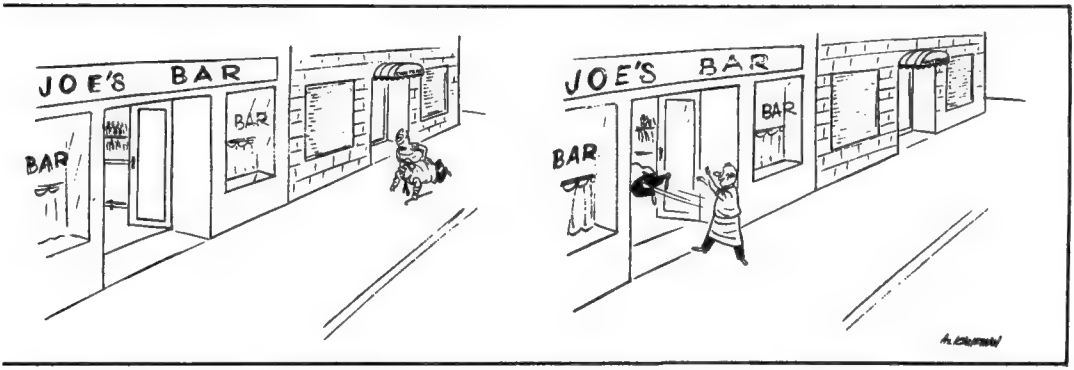
"No," said Joao. "Thura-naatheh, who rows in the front, has a hole in his leg; and I bleed from some place in my back that I cannot see. But nobody is hurt."

Callous to pain, as to mental suffering. Extraordinary people. But Dave wasn't reasoning with scientific detachment just now. He put it more colloquially.

"Good guys," he said. "Sticking through it and keeping on rowing took guts."

He dived into the cabin for the first aid. Thuya-naatheh's hole in his leg bled a steady red smear on the deck.

"No artery," Dave grunted, but he



TEST YOUR SPORTS I. Q.

by E. Gordon Edwards

CAN YOU match them up—the names and terms pertaining to various sports and sporting games, with the brief explanations and/or descriptions of each? Thirteen correct answers is passing; fourteen-sixteen is good; seventeen-eighteen excellent.

1. ADDRESS	(a) *Tennis;* the first point scored after deuce.
2. RUBBER	(b) *Fencing;* a movement made in attempting to stab or strike.
3. SHOW	(c) *Fishing;* to fish in with a spoon-bait or swivel.
4. CRAWL	(d) *Golf;* to adjust the club to (the ball) in preparing for a stroke.
5. DRIBBLE	(e) *Badminton;* the playing racket.
6. ADVANTAGE	(f) *Hunting;* to shoot (game birds) on the ground or water, or (game animals) at rest, instead of in flight or running.
7. SHIFT	(g) *Archery;* a notch in an arrow for the string.
8. SCRATCH	(h) *Skiing;* the stance used (the body being perpendicular to the skis) when descending a hill.
9. STRIKE	(i) *Horse Racing;* to finish first, second or third.
10. POT	(j) *Football;* a lateral movement just priod to beginning a play.
11. POPPING CREASE	(k) *Mountain Climbing;* an iron attached to the shoe for walking on ice or climbing.
12. PASS	(l) A *Jai Alai* court.
13. COCK	(m) *Swimming;* a stroke characterized by alternate overarm movements.
14. CRAMPON	(n) *Billiards;* a shot resulting in a penalty.
15. SPIN	(o) *Baseball;* the restraining line from which the pitcher delivers the ball.
16. VORLAGE	(p) *Bowling;* the knocking down of all pins with one ball.
17. BATTLEDORE	(q) *Basketball;* to move about a court while bouncing the ball.
18. FRONTON	(r) *Cricket;* a line four feet in front of, and parallel to the wicket.

(*For answers, turn to page* 87)

could have put his thumb into the hole.

"Keep rowing," Joao grunted. "There will be canoes that we did not find." And Thuya-naatheh did just that. Joao's own wound was a ragged tear in the back that needed no more than sticking plaster.

"We were lucky," Dave said.

"So the Old Wise Ones have always promised," said Joao. "When the deliverer would come, they said, we must put our faith in him, and fortune would remain with us."

"Huh? What deliverer?" Dave asked.

"The deliverer that the Old Wise Ones have promised," said Joao. "What will Kariwa do with the white witch doctor? It is to be feared that his bleeding will have spoiled much of the trade cloth."

Dave stared for the hundredth time at a psychology that was utterly beyond his understanding. But he was beginning to understand something of why these *Indios* of the upper river were so callous to suffering. Anybody could understand that who had seen the *sitio* of Rabeira.

"We must bury him," Dave said.

"We of our tribe," Joao said, "would put him in a tree. But if Kariwa wants to dig a hole in the ground we will bury him this night."

CHAPTER III
HUNTED

Joao expanded under the morning's sun. He stretched his muscular arms and grinned. All his furtive evasiveness of the lower river was gone. He grinned, as though not a care existed in this world of river above the balata *sitio* of Rabeira Big Nose.

His men intoned a low chant, each line of which concluded in an *ugh.*

"And now what?" Dave asked.

"To the igarape of the water cows. Now that we know surely that Kariwa is not of the Big Nose men, we go to my own people. My tribal house is a half day's travel up the creek, where the Big Nose do not come because it is narrow and our blow-gun darts can reach."

"Safe at all events," Dave said, and with that the dominating impulse of his life woke out of its dark depression. The first inexorable requirement of research work was his. Confidence of the natives.

The eventual return home, how to get out of this trap with the knowledge that he might gain, was a matter for future consideration. Joubert, the Swiss, not so reliable as a scientific observer, but a mighty traveler, reported ascending the Rio Negro to its very mountain beginnings and on over the Andes to Columbia. If to go back on this Tamari river would be impossible, one might go on, perhaps, and come out alive. Later. For the present, with security in a hidden back creek, peace for work and this priceless confidence, a man could study Indian lore as even Sharnholtz probably never did.

Joao's village appeared suddenly where another hole in the sky showed that it was falling dusk outside. Quite a big village. Four *malokas,* tribal houses, loomed against the thin stars. Great barracks they were, of split palm trunk walls and high peaked roofs, a hundred feet long and nearly as wide. Each one would house eighty or so families.

As a matter of unimportant news Joao announced:

"There is another white man."

"Hey?" Dave was startled. He was already learning that white men in the upper rivers meant complications. "Where?"

"He is in a new small house a day's journey up the big river."

"How? Why? Who?" Dave had to put each specific question to get information.

"He came from still farther up with another white man. The other white man has disappeared. He stays because he has a hurt leg and cannot travel alone."

"Gosh! Who is he? D'you know?"

"We of this village do not know this man, but the talk amongst the big river *malocas* is that he used to be at the balata *sitio* before the Thick Nose drove him away. It was thought he was dead."

Dave's lips pinched and he frowned into the green distance. "I wonder if that would be Vargas Holm? And Rabeira promises that, if he isn't dead he will be. "Joao, we'll have to go get that man, before Rabeira hears about him."

"He will not hear, Kariwa. Nothing of the drum talk is ever told to the Big Nose men. Moreover, in three nights, when the moon will have come to the end of its starvation and died, will be the dance of the young men with whips to

frighten away the *Jurupary* devil. For three days they will dance, to show that they are strong. And then the *ipa-ges* will come from all the villages to take Kariwa into the tribe as our friend and deliverer. It has been talked with the drum and agreed."

It broke Dave's heart. A crippled white man! Alone! And with the grisly chance of a Big Nose foray up the big river—likely enough in pursuit of himself when downriver drew blank.

"We'll have to get him," he said.

Joao accepted the order stoically.

"Men make plans," he said. "But it is the river and the jungle that decide what men must do." And he found a certain compensation. "Kariwa will be a very strong leader for the war."

So, the long crawl through the tunnel had to be negotiated again; and the same parrots and two-toed sloths and tree anteaters screamed and moaned and chattered at them as they passed the sun-lit hole in the sky. But not the same monkeys. The monkeys very quietly hid.

Then the open river and the sun glare and oars. Dave had more than one uneasy thought, looking back, wondering what might be coming up the wide highway where there was no hiding.

"We will come to the white man presently. He will make himself known to us." Joao Reported.

But something went wrong with the communications where the *ipa-ges* were not to hand with their signal system. The white man made himself suddenly known when a rifle thumped from the jungle.

A curiously dull thump. The bullet fell low. Just below where Dave was standing, scanning the bank through glasses, it smacked into the thick mahogany strake of the *batelao*.

Dave yelled. "Hey, don't shoot!" and waved his empty hands above his head. Joao yelled. The crew yelled. No other shot came. So the *batelao* headed hesitantly in. Then the man was discernible, a crouching figure behind a pile of debris left by the high water.

He waited, motionless, as the *batelao* came in—with a desperate sort of intensity, Dave thought. And then, as he waded ashore, the man drew a much worn machete and crouched defensively.

He was what was left of a big frame, gaunt, his tangled beard just turning gray. He crouched, Dave could see, on one good leg, the other steadying him.

Dave stood away, as from a cornered wolf. It was in the man's burning eyes that just one little misapprehension as to motive would bring him scuttling to a mad last charge. But Dave's tone was eager; he didn't know why.

"Are you Vargas Holm?"

"And if so, what?" The man's tone was grimly the opposite of Dave's.

"Well, I'm very glad to meet you," Dave said rather foolishly.

The man grunted a question at Joao in the Tamari dialect. Joao accompanied a barrage of grunts with the same gestures he had used to the Indians in the canoes.

The man shoved his machete back into its sheath and the grim defensiveness went out of his face.

"So you are this deliverer that all the river has been chattering about for the last few days." He took stock of Dave and nodded. "Yes, I'm Holm."

"What deliverer?" Dave was irritated at this crazy reputation that was being thrust upon him. "I'm an ethnologist. I'm here to do Indian research."

The man smiled. It made him look very tired.

You are new to the jungle. You will learn, young man." He repeated Joao's insistent acceptance of a law of nature. "Man proposes his various plans in the jungle, and the jungle disposes." His smile went bitter. "As I learned."

Dave laughed, but uneasily.

Holm swayed on his feet. "I'm glad I missed you. It was my last cartridge anyhow, and nearly four years in this climate hadn't done it any good. The moment I heard its bang I knew it would be my last chance."

"You thought I was the Thick Nose! God forbid!"

Holm's grim smile broke through his beard tangle.

"Ha! He still has it, yes?"

"You mean his smashed nose? Yes. Something smeared it over all his face and, without any surgeon to fix it, it grew like that."

"Ah!" Holm grinned, wanly. "I gave it to him."

"You did? So that accounts for some of his hate. What happened?"

Holm shrugged wearily. "The old story of the Upper Rivers. We were developing balata, and there was good money in sight. So one day Rabeira jumped us with a gang. I bashed him, and he shot me in the leg. But three of us managed to get away. The rest, five were macheted, and one . . ." The words were bitten through closed teeth. "We never knew."

There was nothing dramatic about the recital. Just that bare outline of facts, past and so accepted. Dave found himself, too, regarding them with the aloofness of old history.

"And I suppose you've been trapped up here ever since?"

"Yes. That's one reason for Rabeira's elaborate precautions. I'm flattered. Though there were a few other fellows up here who wouldn't join up with him, egret plume and jaguar hunters—if they haven't died or gone crazy and tried to cut their way through the jungle to a point lower down. I don't know. I've been away."

"Why crazy to try and cut through?"

Holm shrugged. "You've seen it. A rubber path, to go and come, is stiff enough. But travel! The only roads are the rivers. A man can't carry his kit and enough food and swing a machete all day and make more than four miles. Fever or poisonous bugs get him before he can get anywhere—and now Indians. The Indians used to be all right around here, but not since Rabeira came to teach them white ethnology."

"Meaning manners and customs?" Dave wondered at the man's cold ability to make a jest of the thing. "He has a flawless school of hate there."

"To the hurt of every other white man in the land," Holm shrugged his acceptance of that as to every other contingency of the jungle's normal way. "So we tried to work our way on up and over the mountains. But Jorgens, that was my wife's brother, he couldn't stick it and he died, and I can't get around so well with this leg. So we had to come back. And then the other man, he had his guts, that man, he thought if he could escape past the *sitio* and get on down to Manaos, he could get the church to jack up the governor to really do something. That was the Padre Ignacio."

"Ignacio?" Dave felt the hot blood surge up into his temples. "So that's how Father Ignacio got caught!"

"Ah!" Holm showed neither grief nor even surprise. "So Padre Ignacio didn't get through?"

"No." Dave knew suddenly how men could hate Rabeira of the Thick Nose. "Father Ignacio brought no information to the governor. And . . ." The memory of the loss was a physical anguish, "he took information with him that men have spent a hundred years to learn and that only he knew."

"Ah!" Holm was as apathetic as any Indian. "Tell me about it."

All of Dave's muscles contracted in a sudden qualm.

"Come on back to the boat," he said. "Let Joao tell you. Let's get away from here before our luck turns."

Almost at the end of the down river run Holm asked him again: "You were up to the house. Did you see anything, hear anything about—a white woman?"

"Yes, I did." The memory of that grotesque dinner table came back to Dave. "Rabeira spoke of one."

"Ah!" Vargas Holm said. He barked a staccato noise that might have been an ironic laugh. "*We* built no defenses round the sitio. We thought we were secure from any trouble with savages."

He chewed his lip, then said in a quite normal voice: "She was my wife."

And then they were in the dim tunnel of the igarape of water cows again.

CHAPTER IV
LAIR OF THE JAGUAR

As the *batelao* emerged from the jungle tunnel to Joao's village, axes were heard where they had never been before. Long logs lay in the clearing. Sturdy naked men were hacking at them, shaping their ends. Little fires burned in long rows on their upper surfaces, charring the wood for easier gouging; small boys kept them glowing hot with palm leaf fans.

Holm grated his laugh. "Nice looking lot of Indians, no? And friendly. Sturdy youngsters too. The only village for a hundred miles that hasn't been raided by friend Da Costa as yet. A people worth saving, no?" His laugh was cynical. "Or do you still think, my dear man of science, that things in glass cases are worth more than people?"

The *batelao* was moored close to the bank, broadside on. Dave sat in a canvas camp chair on the thwart. He looked ridiculous and he knew it. Around the crown of his broad felt hat had been woven an exquisite chaplet of tiny yellow and scarlet toucan cheek feathers. Streamers of tail feathers hung from the corners of the chair. Vargas Holm crouched on the floor boards at a level below his knees. Grave old men decorated with similar chaplets round their foreheads squatted on the bank and waited on his word.

They were *ipa-ges* from six different villages. Amongst them was the ruler of the drum.

Dave was not asking which one or what was his code. Gravely the old men pushed forward a youth who had been foolishly brave enough to carry an ultimatum to Rabeira, a strongly built young man whose one ear was a raw stump. With the astounding dumb fortitude of a savage to whom savagery was his accepted lot, the man tendered a bloody packet of banana leaf and a fold of brown wrapping paper and reported:

"They said I was to bring Kariwa the ear and the writing on paper."

Dave's lips pinched tight to swallow down the upheaval of his stomach. It was not necessary, he knew, to open the banana leaf packet; the man's report was so savagely unequivocal. That had been Dave's mistake, due to inexperience. Books didn't teach the depth of savagery.

"Give him a machete," he told Holm.

Holm reached into the cabin and handed out a broad new blade.

The old men nodded and muttered: "It is generous, but just."

The young man took the feel of the blade into his hands and swung it. The slow grin on his face seemed to indicate that he agreed it was generous.

Dave scanned the wrapping paper note and reported to the old men.

"Thick Nose's reply is that, first, he laughs and says, send no more messengers; and second, that if we deliver this white man to him, I may go my way free and there will be no punishment of the men and women whom they hold in their corral. What then, Old Wise Ones, is the word?"

The *ipa-ges* grunted together.

"But our people would remain undelivered and the Thick Nose would remain lord of the river."

"So what is the word?"

"He must be driven out. Many of our young men will die, but by their death the community will live."

"It is the agreed word, then. All right. Go and send the signal out that the Thick Nose will be driven from his place. And send Joao."

Dave scowled into the peaceful distance. He was learning to shrug to the inevitable.

"So it'll have to be fight."

"These people have expected it all along," said Holm.

"It was a mistake to send that poor devil with an ultimatum."

"I told you. We should have jumped them unexpectedly."

"But damn it, we had to give them some sort of a warning."

"The inhibitions of civilization," said Holm, "are always a handicap where civilization doesn't exist."

Star dark night again. The young moon, the child of the last one that had died, was not born yet. Dim heads, trunkless, floated on the surface of the river mist. A fantastic ghost fleet, alive only because it moved erratically forward and whispered fiercely.

Heads, tandem in pairs, and sometimes threes, kept eagerly trying to pass the leading line of seven heads in a row. They urged only greater speed to the whispers that ordered them back.

Dave was not by any means eager.

"A hundred and seventeen naked men." His whisper was morosely anxious. "Against twenty rifles behind a stockade! Lord help them!"

Even Holm, face to face with imminent reality at last, was not so confident.

"There'll be some fifty of their balata workers, of course, on the spot. And we sent them the message to steal as many of their work machetes as they could."

"Yeah. How many d' you think Rabeira has left around these last days?"

In the roll of the narrow canoe, Dave could feel Holm's deep shrug.

"Some, anyhow. Every one will help."

"Will those poor devils dare to do anything while their women are held in the corral?"

"They'll have to." Holm was grim. "If we fail, they will suffer the punishment."

"If only they've had enough courage to rush that damned machine-gun and heave it into the river, like we told them."

"The machine-gun! How much of a fool do you think Rabeira is, knowing what's been due to break?"

The ghost heads drifted on, floating on the mist. Joao's head whispered:

"We are at the place, Kariwa. The chain will be not far."

Dave tensed. The thing was here. He felt very helpless and ignorant. He knew nothing about jungle fighting. This thing called for an experienced fillibuster leader—who would probably know too much to attempt it. The old hot wave of resentment surged up in him against this, that the jungle had dragged him into. He was no military man, he was an ethnologist . . . No he wasn't. He was a leader of simple naked men who looked to him to hoist them to the winning of freedom.

"All right, Joao. Pass the word to edge in to the opposite bank and we'll talk over what is what."

Stealthily, the canoes nosed in amongst the great tree roots that stood in the oozy shallows, lukewarm where there was no current. With astonishing silence they edged in, by feel alone, in the dark.

A splash and a rush jerked a tense curse of "Damn the fool!" from Holm. But further splashing and the gurgling such of a miniature whirlpool over the drive of a great tail told that it was only a disturbed caiman.

Voices murmured. "That will tell them that vengeance is here." Fierce glee was in the tones. Paddles began to dip.

Dave's blood emptied out from him

"Hey! Get back there! Call them back, Joao! We can't rush this. What fools!"

But more canoes began to slip away. Vengeance, long delayed, burned too hot for cold caution.

"Like I said, you can't hold them," Holm rasped. "All courage and no brains. That's where discipline always wins. Come on. We'll have to organize on that bank now."

Then a voice on that bank laughed. "*Selvages estupidos.* Stupid savages," it derided. "Make them eat it, *amigo.*"

A thick voice growled: "Am I to shoot mist? I can't see a thing."

"Mist certainly, fool. At half a meter high, and spread it. You'll send something to hell."

The heart stunning racket of the machine-gun roared into the night. Shrieks came out of the blind mist. Bullets crashed amongst the tree roots. The hammer of steel spraying wood crackled away over a sector of the bank, then crackled, roaring back.

Shooting blind in the dark. But low over the water at half a meter it couldn't fail to hit something. Like a devilish live something, stabbing in the dark, it felt its way and concentrated where shrieks answered it most.

Silence tingled in Dave's ears after the uproar. Only furtive shufflings were in the dark about him as men found shelter. But out in the stream shrieks rose again and hideous long dragging bubbly yells. For only a second Dave wondered and then a vast splashing and the slap of great tails on roiled water seared his mind with a picture of upset canoes and of men whose ill fate it was not to have been mercifully cut in half. One gurgling scream seemed to be in the grip of something not big enough to drag and hold it under. It bubbled horribly away and rose again, hoarsely strangling, farther downstream. and bubbled down in froth, and repeated, fainter and farther.

Hurtling canoes began to bump in among the roots. Dripping forms, panting great gasps, began to lift themselves out of the mist.

And then the gun was loaded again and its terrifying racket raged up and down the bank.

When no more shrieks answered it, it stopped.

Holm's voice shivered out of the dark.

"The thing has got us licked. Rifles were tough enough to consider, but they, at least, have to see what to shoot. This hellish thing can cut a fleet in half, firing blind. No morale can face that."

"Not even discipline. A bad beginning, this." Dave sweated in impotence. "I wish we could see how the poor devils are taking it—no I don't, though. Then the gun could see, and that would be the finish. We'll have to stop that gun."

As though literally advised by the devil to disturb coherent thought, the gun roared out a short random burst.

The vicious tearing of hot steel through wood fiber was terrifying. Somebody, insufficiently sheltered from the thing's awful penetration, yelled. It was nerve-shattering, the way that thing could seek out and kill in the dark.

"It would shoot over the head of a man swimming." Dave said.

"It would. But you heard what happens to men swimming. Think smarter than that."

"I'm thinking."

"God help you, think fast. I can't."

"Come on," Dave said tightly.

"You crazy?" Where?"

"Upriver a bit. To swim, Joao. Where's Joao? Tell the men, Joao, to keep well hidden and to be strong of heart. The white men go to make a magic."

CHAPTER V
VENGEANCE TRAIL

It was Providence's benevolence to a desperate cause that the underbrush along the river's edge, where the water rose and fell with the rains, was not as thick as the inner jungle. Dave was able to feel his way amongst the huge trees. At intervals he felt bodies.

"Be of strong heart," he exhorted them. "Come on, Holm."

Behind them the gun roared intermittent bursts at where the voices had been. Presently Dave risked his flashlight.

"Now to get a fat caiman," he told Holm. His voice was shivery with a mad excitement. "I guess you'll be better at night-shooting than me. I'll flash its eyes. And see that you get it dead."

"Yes, you can flash their eyes like a frog." Holm said. "But what madness are you planning?"

"Get it dead, that's all. I'll show you."

Holm's shot tore half the head off the brute who stared at the white beam.

Far below them the machine-gun rattled startled response.

"Your animal anatomy will be better than mine," Dave said. "I'll hold the light and you rip me out its fatty musk glands."

Holm understood none of it, but he obeyed the force that dominated Dave just as Dave was obeying it, understanding very little of it himself.

"Will you tell me this madness?" Holm grunted as he hacked into the leathery neck hide. "Pah! Does it stink!"

Dave surprised himself that he was able to laugh, even though through teeth so set that his words hissed.

"This," he croaked, "is at least one good thing out of books. Sharnholtz reports it."

He took handfuls of the nauseating fat and smeared it over his clothes, his canvas shoes, even his hands and face.

"Caiman," he lectured, "aren't cannibalistic. They don't attack what stinks like themselves. Otherwise no little caimans would ever grow up. I'm going to swim for it."

"*Defendeme Deus!* You're mad."

Dave laughed again, madly. "When an observer as accurate as Scharnholtz reports it, I'll take the chance. Good Lord, I've got to. It's the only chance there is."

Holm's eyes glimmered at him. "Mad. And if the caiman's don't get you, what?"

"I'll jump the gun crew. They won't be expecting it." Dave tore his handkerchief and slung his machete, bare, to hang down his back. "Go along back and tell the men I'm pulling a magic stunt. Make it big. Jack up the old morale. And if I—when I make it and I holler, bring 'em over with a rush."

He waded softly into the water. "Mad," Holm muttered. "Heroically mad. But so were they all. All the deliverers."

Holm's body jerked in a shiver.

"God help you, make it." Suddenly his voice squeaked in a strangled yelp. "Wait! *Cristo Salvador!* The piranhas?"

Dave's voice came out of the mist.

"That's one other good thing out of books. Piranhas aren't nocturnal. They're daylight feeders. And I'm fully dressed anyhow—and they don't attack caiman."

Dave swam with a silent breast stroke. The mad excitement that had lifted him to his desperate resolve chilled away to cold tremors out at his feet. The impulse to snatch them up close was a sharp pain on bitten lips. Scharnholtz had reported seeing it done, yes. But could that have been a freak happening? The impulse to race ahead in a wide surge of overhand splashing was a frenzy. But no, Scharnholtz would have made a supplementary note if he hadn't been sure. Dave tested the sickening musk from his bitten lip and swam steadily.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 84

1-d, 2-o, 3-i, 4-m, 5-q, 6-a, 7-j, 8-n, 9-p, 10-f, 11-r, 12-b, 13-g, 14-k, 15-c, 16-h, 17-e, 18-l.

As a swim it was nothing. And Scharnholtz was splendidly right. Nothing happened. Dave heard the interminable clicking of the *sisio* palm stems in the night breeze. Thank God for that. It would cover inevitable little splashings of his own. He drifted in the mist. If he could only know just where to land now.

Suddenly the gun slammed out a furious burst. Dave could hear the stream of steel shriek over his head. To duck was immediate instinct, but he came immediately up again. His head was many inches below the line of fire. The steel stream sprayed above him in an arc and back. He felt exultingly aloof. They weren't even dreaming of aiming at him. So close. At that distance he could distinguish the glow of the flame through the mist. And thank God again for that.

He inched himself out of the water. His breath was hissing again through close-bitten teeth. Above the mist layer he could distinguish the dim outline of a low parapet of what must be logs. That would be where the gun was sheltered. Hope to God. He would have to be sure.

The same Providence that furthered a desperate cause stayed with him. Voices came from behind the parapet. Easy voices, conversing in careless security. There seemed to be three of them. Suspecting nothing. How should they?

No soldier, he had always thought a machete to be a much more horrible weapon than a bayonet. He reached his machete round from his back. His lips drew away from his teeth in a tense inhalation. He rushed the barrier and jumped. The enemies were paralyzingly startled. That was the trick of the thing.

Dave landed on soft shadows that yelled sudden afright. In a frenzy of fear himself, he hacked at them. They shrieked and rolled. Dave hacked at every dim thing that moved. They shrieked again. Dave rushed at a crouching shadow and hewed it down.

From the stockade a voice shouted:

"Hey! *Que faz?* What goes on there?"

Dave fought his voice steady.

"*U serpente,*" he called back. "But it is killed. All right now." Then he cupped his hands and shouted over the river. "All right! Come on!"

Shouts floated back. The rush of canoes into water and furious paddles. Then the voice from above again.

"All right. I come. *Hola, amigos,* some of you. Something is wrong down there."

"Footsteps began to fumble their way down the hill. Single footsteps in advance. Dave crouched motionless beside the gun. Scuffling steps were farther back. And Dave distinctly heard the rusty squeak of a hurricane lantern glass being lifted. A match flared. A serious voice snarled:

"No light, fool! They have rifles over there!"

The first footsteps shuffled nearer. A shadow loomed and growled:

"What the thousand devils is all this here?"

Dave rushed it. That one didn't even shriek.

The other footsteps were almost down to the beach. How many? Dave's stomach crawled. His swing that had been so effective on that last one had been waist high. Shadows loomed close, grumbling.

Canoes grated on the beach. Shadows lifted out of the white mist and rushed, yelling. Dave threw himself from their immediate path. The grumbling voices yelled. Shrieked. More canoes. More yelling shadows. More shrieks.

Shouts came from the stockade above. Rifle shots. Somebody yelled again.

Dave rushed in amongst his own shadows, shouted, shoved on shoulders.

"Down! Flat, you fools! Find cover. Spread out! Joao! Where's Joao?"

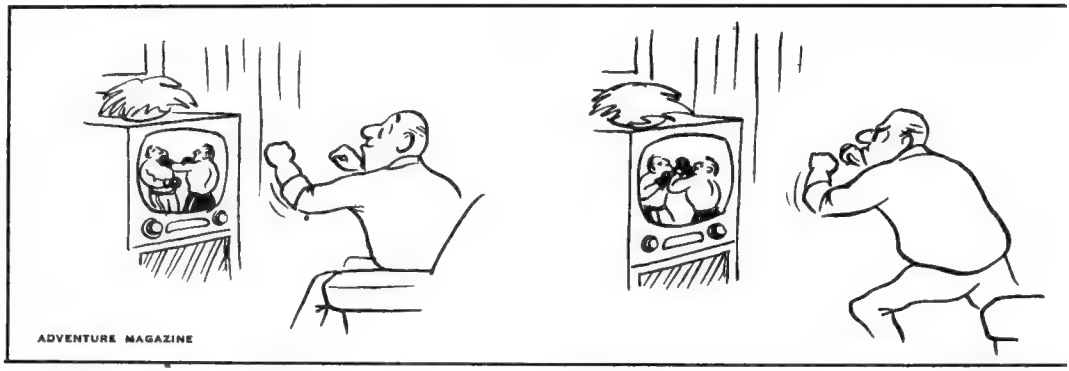
Holm was scuttling at his side.

"Boy, you did it!" he babbled. "A magic, you told them. A miracle you made good! Nothing can stop them now!"

Yelling men began to rush up the hill. Dave raged among them. shouting, yelling, once more, catching at running shadows. Holm with him. Joao, without understanding, but loyally obdient, shouting orders of recall.

But discipline was a word that naked men had never heard. That was the trouble. You couldn't stop them.

They rushed up the hill and surged at the stout poles of the stockade. A mob, yelling, howling.



And history repeated. Rifles spat from behind shelter that matchets could not how down. Screaming men boosted each other over the tip, and modern pistols met them.

Naked men began to come back down the hill, bleeding, many of them. How many would never come, nobody could tell till tomorrow's sorry reckoning. Then a broken rush of men, ready at last to take cover.

Triumphant shouts came from the stockade. Sporadic rifle shots.

"And now what?" Dave gasped. "The fools! The poor silly, plucky fools! Now what? If we can't think of something to hoist them over the top now, tonight, they're sunk. They'll never again accumulate the morale to win their freedom. And I've got no more magic up my sleeve."

"I suppose you couldn't use that machine-gun," Holm said. "That would be another miracle."

"Of course now. You?"

"I could study it with light to see by."

"Yeh, with light for rifles to pick us off. Darkness is our only chance, and we've got to do whatever we do quickly, before daylight."

Furtive men began to steal down the hill. Balata workers. Frightened. Some of them did have stolen machetes. But, only faintly hopeful before the fighting started, now they were demoralizing.

"Damnation! We've got to do something," Dave fretted. "Got any ideas? We've got to stop these fellows croaking about their *masters*. Think, man. You're the brains of this. You know conditions. I'm empty. For God's sake think fast before daylight."

More furtive balata workers drifted down. With pathetic hopelessness they mumbled to Kariwa to do something.

"We cannot run away. Our women. We tried to free them. They would have fought with teeth and empty hands and broken sticks, for they know what punishment will be. But the Thick Nose caught the man who was loosening the posts of the corral door, and cut him down."

Holm's old laugh suddenly rasped out. "*Deus!* I've got the idea! Quick! You, men, your machetes. Gather machetes!"

Dave's hope soared again at Holm's excitement. "What now?"

"The women. They'll fight. There's half a hundred of them in there! Heave 'em weapons over the wall. Machetes, you men! Collect Machetes! Dave, boy, you stage a demonstration this side to cover any noise. I'm going round back. Machetes! Machetes!"

Holm scuttled away into the darkness. His confidence swept over Dave. That was the trick. A diversion inside would give his men a chance to storm the palisade. He explained to Joao. Joao crept away. Men began to creep around Dave.

"No mad rushing now." He whispered the same monotonous instructions to each separate man. "You know now that you cannot climb a stockade against guns. We do not fight yet. We make a noise. When fighting will commence with the women we attack in three groups at three places together, at the gate and at each corner. Thus some will certainly get over. Is it understood?

It took time. It took patience to explain concerted action to naked savages. And so, long before Dave was nearly satisfied that they understood, an uproar commenced within the stockade.

A shout first. A blow. A woman's scream. Oaths. And then screeching.

And, of course, there was no concerted action. Naked men rushed up the hill as badly as before. Only, this time, no tongues of red fire stabbed out at them. The shots that sounded were inside. Confusion and fury were inside. Men shouted in rage, swore in incredulous amazement; called suddenly on the name of God in panic. Their voices were cut off in screams. Shots were followed by screams—manscreams. And over all the uproar was the horrible screeching of furies.

No shots came to blast howling men who boosted each other over the palisade. Dave found a shadowy back, hoisted himself, got a finger hold on the top, and over.

Inside were hurricane lanterns; enough for the defenders to see their doings. But there were no defenders. Only desperate men fighting silently now to save themselves from clinging mobs of women who clawed and bit and screeched, and hacked at things on the ground.

And then waves of naked men over the top who howled and dragged at women to stand away from further hurt and let the men finish it, and women who screeched the more furiously and wouldn't be dragged from their long laid-up vengeance.

Dave rushed among them. He shouted, dragged at their arms. Those who attended to him at all only turned furious faces for a moment and turned immediately back to the good work in hand. Dave screamed for Holm to help.

"We've got to stop this slaughter!" he screamed. And it sounded very futile.

And then the drum came. Close, somewhere it boomed and thundered out of the jungle. The scrambling, clawing mass of men and women screamed and the air-shaking vibrations of the drum built it up and multiplied it.

Holm was dragging at Dave's arm.

"Vengeance! That's what it says. And neither you nor I can stop it. Come away! Out! Let's get out." He dragged Dave with him from the stockade.

Dave walked on with Holm, in silence. Without conscious volition, their steps stumbled downhill to the river. Dave frowned out across the clean white mist.

"Finished," he said. "But a new story beginning. It's a good river and they're a good people. And you've made good and I've made good. It remains to make the name of white men good."

So Dave sat again in his *batelao*, looking ridiculous with a chaplet of feathers round his hat, and Holm sat with him, and grave old men squatted on the bank to discuss the conduct of important events.

"This, then, is the proposal," Dave said. "That four handfuls of men from this village and three handfuls from the smaller villages, when their turn to labor in the fields comes, go to labor in the balata. What is the word?"

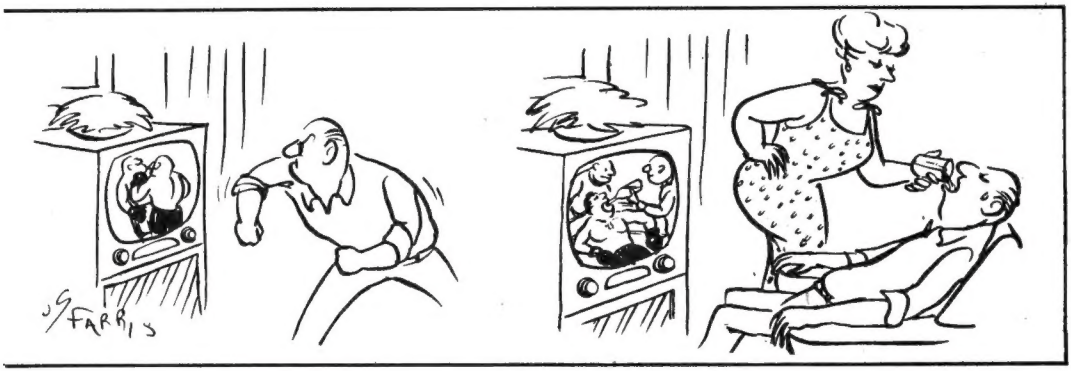
"It is agreed," the old men said.

"Splendid," said Holm. "All we need is an assured labor supply, and watch us spread."

"And it is proposed that for his labor, each man shall receive cloth or fishhooks or knives or what he will, to the value of one joint of his hand for every handful of balata that he may produce."

The old men grunted.

"You're going to make a good jungle trader, *amigo*," Holm said. "And when we get going, I tell you there's a lot more



money in balata than in collecting pots and beads. But look, I think the senate is going to veto your bill."

But the senate was not vetoing, only amending. The speaker said, diffidently:

"It is generous. Only some of the men say that the pay should not be paid to each man for what he produces, for some men are stronger than others. Therefore the pay should be paid to Joao, who will be the chief of the balata workers, to be divided evenly among all the men. For such is our custom."

"Good," Dave said. "That is agreed. What else is to be talked?"

"Nothing else. All is agreed."

"Good. Then let the drum signal that all the men who are well from their wounds come in from their villages and go swiftly to labor, for many days have been lost out of the season."

"It will signal. Only Kariwa must give the order for the signal, for he is now the ruler of the drum."

"Huh? What's that?"

"Joao said that Kariwa greatly desired the drum for a reason that no man could understand. Therefore it was talked among all the *ipa-ages* and so agreed. It was hoped that Kariwa would be pleased. The drum is here."

Just around the corner of the creek the drum was—the elusive drum that had evaded all of Rabeira's efforts to capture it: that, before that, had evaded all of scientist Scharnholtz's eager search, and that, long before that, had been reported by an obscure Portuguese explorer.

From twin tripods in a double catamaran sort of canoe it hung. The tripods were new, replacing older ones, worn out or broken. But the drum was old. An aged relic of long ago days when drums meant things more than signals; things that even the Old Wise Ones had forgotten.

This was a magnificent relic. A great, five-foot log of an old, rose-colored wood, hollowed out with excruciating labor through three hand holes in its upper surface, carved with a design that reminded Dave of the ancient frescoes of Chichen Isza, polished by years of handling to the soft lustre of wax. It had no conventional drumheads. The hollow leg itself was a great resonant shell.

Dave sucked breath through pinched lips. "Let it signal," he said excitedly.

An old man took a rubber hammer in each hand and beat upon the polished surface; played on it, like on a musical instrument; on its top and on its sides. The spots to play upon were marked out, like keys, by round bare surfaces. All the rest of it was covered by its intricate carved design.

Boom boom bump, a boom-a-bump."

The sound swelled with immense volume that pervaded the whole air and thrummed into the deep jungle.

There had been a time when Dave would have been ready to trade away all the goods he possessed, to toil and beg and bribe some old man to show him how the thing was worked.

But he was not listening to codes just now. He was running his fingers over the carved designs.

"By God!" He was whispering. "God Almighty! That's it! Dammit, it must be."

Dave swung round suddenly to the old man. "How long would it take to make a new drum like that?"

The old men grunted together. With Indian circumlocution they had to go into details before they came to the gist of the answer.

At long length it came. "A new drum, a strong drum with a young voice could be made with these new tools in perhaps the time that four moons die."

"Four months! I could get way before the rainy season."

Vargas Holm ca
sudden alarm w
what madness a
Dave looked
"Why, that's
"What must
ritated by anxiet
"It's—it must
Dave pawed
and peered at it
Guaranu inscripti
I know enough t
just patterns. It's
"Gott." Holm r
gotten native ton
it? You don't kno
ther it's lost cities,
able?"

"Not me, I can't

regret in Dave's voice. "But Professor Snyder'll be able to. He's a shark on digging out ancient scripts." He swung round to the Old Wise Ones. "If I am ruler of the drum . . ." He fired it at them like an urgent prayer, "is it the custom that my word about the making of a new drum will be good?"

"The ruler's word about the drum is good," the Old Wise Ones told him.

"Very well, then," Dave stood upright and spoke with decision. "My word is that a new drum be made. A bigger drum, with a loud voice to signal the faraway villages all the messages that will be necessary about the new things that this old drum will buy and which I will bring back from my own country to pay for labor in the balata."

He put his arm about Vargas Holm. "I'm afraid, good friend," he told him, "that I'm not a prosperous jungle trader at all. I'm at heart just a collector of pots and beads for museums. Pots and beads and drums. That drum will keep my faith with the good man who put up the money for my trip. It will be the biggest thing that's ever come out of these jungles. And you know, and all these Indians know, that a white man has got to keep faith."

Holm glowered at him in dismay.

"Yea-ss?" he hissed. "And what is it? Kings and begats? Or money?

"I don't know," Dave
whether it's dead kings
ever it's worth,
breath I'll

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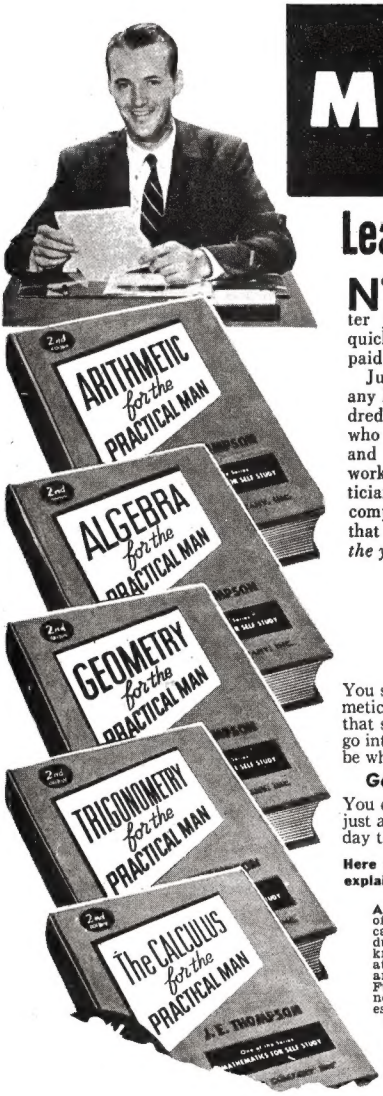
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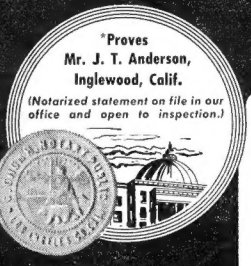

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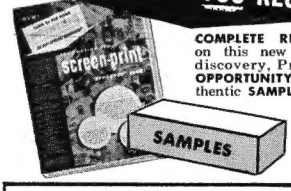

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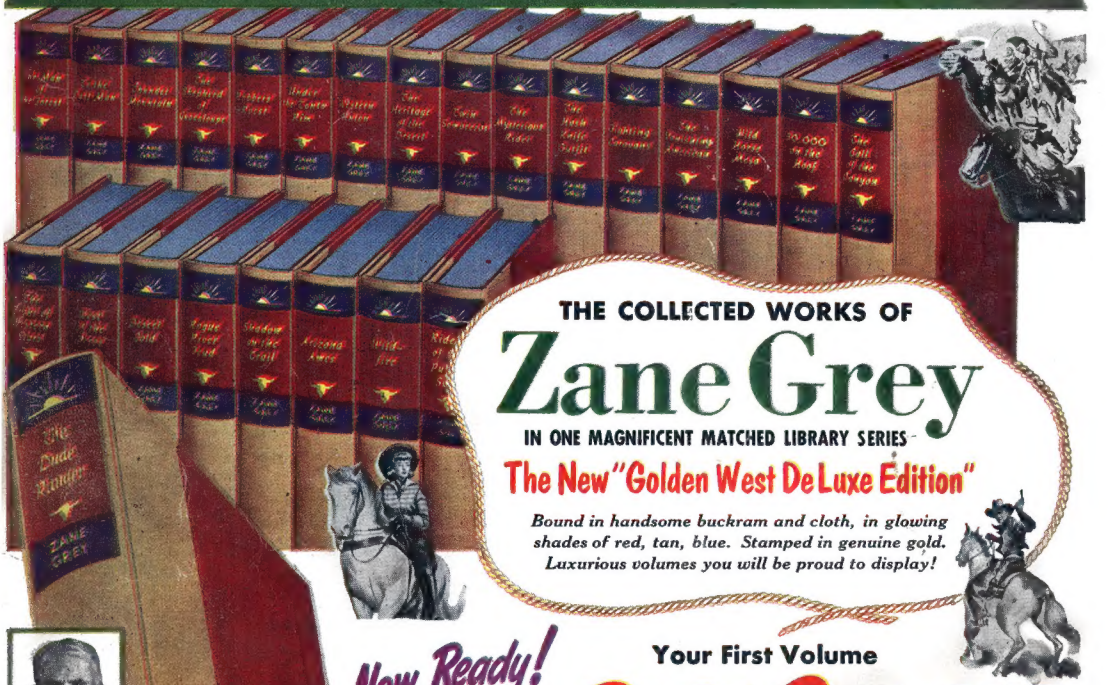

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